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*Nathaniel Barton.*  
*Straffan.*



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# HOMeward BOUND:

OR,

## THE CHASE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "THE SPY," ETC.

"Is 't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne?"

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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1838.

2205

B

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON,

Printed by J. St. John, at the

Printers Office, in St. Dunstons Church-yard,

1724.

By Authority.

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# HOMeward BOUND.

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## CHAPTER I.

There are yet two things in my destiny—  
A world to roam o'er, and a home with thee.

BYRON.

EVE EFFINGHAM slept little: although the motion of the ship had been much more severe and uncomfortable while contending with headwinds, on no other occasion were there so many signs of a fierce contention of the elements as in this gale. As she lay in her berth, her ear was within a foot of the roaring waters without, and her frame trembled as she heard them gurgling so distinctly, that it seemed as if they had already forced their way through the seams of the planks, and



were filling the ship. Sleep she could not, for a long time, therefore, and during two hours she remained with closed eyes an entranced and yet startled listener of the fearful strife that was raging over the ocean. Night had no stillness, for the roar of the winds and waters was incessant, though deadened by the intervening decks and sides; but now and then an open door admitted, as it might be, the whole scene into the cabins. At such moments every sound was fresh, and frightfully grand,—even the shout of the officer coming to the ear like a warning cry from the deep.

At length Eve, wearied by her apprehensions even, fell into a troubled sleep, in which her frightened faculties, however, kept so much on the alert, that at no time was the roar of the tempest entirely lost to her sense of hearing. About midnight the glare of a candle crossed her eyes, and she was broad awake in an instant. On rising in her berth she found Nanny Sidley, who had so often and so long watched over her infant and childish

slumbers, standing at her side, and gazing wistfully in her face.

“ ’Tis a dread night, Miss Eve,” half whispered the appalled domestic. “ I have not been able to sleep for thinking of you, and of what might happen on these wide waters !”

“ And why of me particularly, my good Nanny ?” returned Eve, smiling in the face of her old nurse as sweetly as the infant smiles in its moments of tenderness and recollection. “ Why so much of me, my excellent Ann ?—are there not others, too, worthy of your care, my beloved father—your own good self—Mademoiselle Vieffville—Cousin Jack—and—” the warm colour deepened on the cheek of the beautiful girl, she scarcely knew why herself ; “ and many others in the vessel, that one, kind as you, might think of, I should hope, when your thoughts become apprehensions, and your wishes prayers.”

“ There are many precious souls in the ship, ma’am, out of all question ; and I’m sure no one wishes them all safe on land again more

than myself; but it seems to me, no one among them all is so much loved as you."

Eve leaned forward playfully, and drawing her old nurse towards her, kissed her cheek, while her own eyes glistened, and then she laid her flushed cheek on that bosom which had so frequently been its pillow before. After remaining a minute in this affectionate attitude, she arose and inquired if her nurse had been on deck.

"I go every half-hour, Miss Eve; for I feel it as much my duty to watch over you here, as when I had you all to myself in the cradle. I do not think your father sleeps a great deal to-night, and several of the gentlemen in the other cabins remain dressed; they ask me how you spend the time in this tempest, whenever I pass their state-room doors."

Eve's colour deepened, and Anne Sidley thought she had never seen her child more beautiful, as the bright luxuriant golden hair, which had strayed from the confinement of the cap, fell on the warm cheek, and rendered

eyes that were always full of feeling, softer and more brilliant even than common.

“ They conceal their uneasiness for themselves under an affected concern for me, my good Nanny,” she said hurriedly ; “ and your own affection makes you an easy dupe to the artifice.”

“ It may be so, ma'am, for I know but little of the ways of the world. It is fearful, is it not, Miss Eve, to think that we are in a ship, so far from any land, whirling along over the bottom as fast as a horse could plunge?”

“ The danger is not exactly of that nature, perhaps, Nanny.”

“ There is a bottom to the ocean, is there not? I have heard some maintain there is no bottom to the sea,—and that would make the danger so much greater. I think, if I felt certain that the bottom was not very deep, and there was only a rock to be seen now and then, I should not find it so very dreadful.”

Eve laughed like a child, and the contrast

between the sweet simplicity of her looks, her manners, and her more cultivated intellect, and the matronly appearance of the less instructed Ann, made one of those pictures in which the superiority of mind over all other things becomes most apparent.

“Your notions of safety, my dear Nanny,” she said, “are not precisely those of a seaman; for I believe there is nothing of which they stand more in dread than of rocks and the bottom.”

“I fear I’m but a poor sailor, ma’am, for in my judgment we could have no greater consolation in such a tempest than to see them all around us. Do you think, Miss Eve, that the bottom of the ocean, if there is truly a bottom, is whitened with the bones of shipwrecked mariners, as people say?”

“I doubt not, my excellent Nanny, that the great deep might give up many awful secrets; but you ought to think less of these things, and more of that merciful Providence which has protected us through so many dangers since we have been wanderers. You are



in much less danger now than I have known you to be, and escape unharmed."

"I! Miss Eve!—Do you suppose that I fear for myself? What matters it if a poor old woman like me die a few years sooner or later, or where her frail old body is laid? I have never been of so much account when living as to make it of consequence where the little which will remain to decay when dead moulders into dust. Do not, I implore you, Miss Effingham, suppose me so selfish as to feel any uneasiness to-night on my own account."

"Is it then, as usual, all for me, my dear, my worthy old nurse, that you feel this anxiety? Put your heart at ease, for they who know best betray no alarm; and you may observe that the captain sleeps as tranquilly this night as on any other."

"But he is a rude man, and accustomed to danger. He has neither wife nor children, and I'll engage has never given a thought to the horrors of having a form precious as this floating in the caverns of the ocean, amidst ravenous fish and sea-monsters."

Here her imagination overcame poor Nanny Sidley, and she folded her arms about the beautiful person of Eve, and sobbed violently. Her young mistress, accustomed to similar exhibitions of affection, soothed her with blandishments and assurances that soon restored her self-command, when the dialogue was resumed with a greater appearance of tranquillity on the part of the nurse. They conversed a few minutes on the subject of their reliance on God, Eve returning fourfold, or with the advantages of a cultivated intellect, many of those simple lessons of faith and humility that she had received from her companion when a child; the latter listening, as she always did, to these exhortations, which sounded in her ears, like the echoes of all her own better thoughts, with a love and reverence no other could awaken. Eve passed her small white hand over the wrinkled cheek of Nanny in kind fondling, as it had been passed a thousand times when a child, an act she well knew her nurse delighted in, and continued,—

“ And now, my good old Nanny, you will

set your heart at ease, I know ; for though a little too apt to trouble yourself about one who does not deserve half your care, you are much too sensible and too humble to feel distrust out of reason. We will talk of something else a few minutes, and then you will lie down and rest your weary body."

"Weary ! I should never feel weary in watching, when I thought there was a cause for it."

Although Nanny made no allusion to herself, Eve understood in whose behalf this watchfulness was meant. She drew the face of the old woman towards her, and left a kiss on each cheek ere she continued :—

"These ships have other things to talk about, besides their dangers," she said. "Do you not find it odd, at least, that a vessel of war should be sent to follow us about the ocean in this extraordinary way?"

"Quite so, ma'am, and I did intend to speak to you about it, some time when I saw you had nothing better to think of. At first I fancied, but I believe it was a silly thought,

that some of the great English lords and admirals that used to be so much about us at Paris, and Rome, and Vienna, had sent this ship to see you safe to America, Miss Eve; for I never supposed they would make so much fuss concerning a poor runaway couple, like these steerage-passengers."

Eve did not refrain from laughing again, at this conceit of Nanny's, for her temperament was gay as childhood, though well restrained by cultivation and manner, and once more she patted the cheek of her nurse kindly.

"Those great lords and admirals are not great enough for that, dear Nanny, even had they the inclination to do so silly a thing. But has no other reason suggested itself to you, among the many curious circumstances you may have had occasion to observe in the ship?"

Nanny looked at Eve, then turned her eyes aside, glanced furtively at the young lady again, and at last felt compelled to answer.

"I endeavour, ma'am, to think well of everybody, though strange thoughts will some-

times arise without our wishing it. I suppose I know to what you allude ; but I don't feel quite certain it becomes me to speak."

" With me at least, Nanny, you need have no reserves, and I confess a desire to learn if we have thought alike about some of our fellow-passengers. Speak freely then ; for you can have no more apprehension in communicating all your thoughts to me, than in communicating them to your own child."

" Not as much, ma'am, not half as much ; for you are both child and mistress to me, and I look quite as much to receiving advice as to giving it. It is odd, Miss Eve, that gentlemen should not pass under their proper names, and I have had unpleasant feelings about it, though I did not think it became me to be the first to speak, while your father was with you, and mamerzelle," for so Nanny always styled the governess, " and Mr. John, all of whom love you almost as much as I do, and all of whom are so much better judges of what is right. But now you encourage me to speak my mind, Miss Eve, I will say I should like



that no one came near you who does not carry his heart in his open hand, that the youngest child might know his character and understand his motives."

Eve smiled as her nurse grew warm, but she blushed in spite of an effort to seem indifferent.

"This would be truly a vain wish, dear Nanny, in the mixed company of a ship," she said. "It is too much to expect that strangers will throw aside all their reserves, on first finding themselves in close communion. The well-bred and prudent will only stand more on their guard under such circumstances."

"Strangers, ma'am!"

"I perceive that you recollect the face of one of our shipmates. Why do you shake your head?" The tell-tale blood of Eve again mantled over her lovely countenance. "I suppose I ought to have said *two* of our shipmates, though I had doubted whether you retained any recollection of one of them."

"No gentleman ever speaks to you twice, Miss Eve, that I do not remember him."

“ Thank you, dearest Nanny, for this and a thousand other proofs of your never-ceasing interest in my welfare ; but I had not believed you so vigilant as to take heed of every face that happens to approach me.”

“ Ah, Miss Eve ! neither of these gentlemen would like to be mentioned by you in this careless manner, I'm sure. They both did a great deal more than ‘happen to approach you ;’ for as to—”

“ Hist ! dear Nanny ; we are in a crowded place, and you may be overheard. You will use no names, therefore, as I believe we understand each other without going into all these particulars. Now, my dear nurse, would I give something to know which of these young men has made the most favourable impression on your upright and conscientious mind ?”

“ Nay, Miss Eve, what is my judgment in comparison with your own, and that of Mr. John Effingham, and—”

“ —My Cousin Jack ! In the name of wonder, Nanny, what has he to do with the matter ?”

“ Nothing, ma'am ; only I can see he has

his favourites as well as another, and I'll venture to say Mr. Dodge is not the greatest he has in this ship."

"I think you might add Sir George Templemore, too," returned Eve, laughing.

Ann Sidley looked hard at her young mistress and smiled before she answered; and then she continued the discourse naturally, as if there had been no interruption.

"Quite likely, ma'am; and Mr. Monday, and all the rest of that set. But you see how soon he discovers a real gentleman; for he is quite easy and friendly with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, particularly the last."

Eve was silent, for she did not like the open introduction of these names, though she scarce knew why herself.

"My cousin is a man of the world," she resumed, on perceiving that Nanny watched her countenance with solicitude, as if fearful of having gone too far; "and there is nothing surprising in his discovering men of his own class. We know both these persons to be not exactly what they seem, though I think we

know no harm of either, unless it be the silly change of names. It would have been better had they come on board, bearing their proper appellations; to us, at least, it would have been more respectful, though both affirm they were ignorant that my father had taken passage in the Montauk,—a circumstance that may very well be true, as you know we got the cabin that was first engaged by another party.”

“ I should be sorry, ma’am, if either failed in respect.”

“ It is not quite adulatory to make a young woman the involuntary keeper of the secrets of two unreflecting young men; that is all, my good Nanny. We cannot well betray them, and we are consequently their confidants *par force*. The most amusing part of the thing is, that they are masters of each other’s secrets, in part at least, and feel a delightful awkwardness in a hundred instances. For my own part I pity neither, but think each is fairly enough punished. They will be fortunate if their servants do not betray them before we reach New York.”

“No fear of that, ma’am, for they are discreet, cautious men, and if disposed to blab, Mr. Dodge has given both good opportunities already, as I believe he has put to them as many questions as there are speeches in the catechism.”

“Mr. Dodge is a vulgar man.”

“So we all say, ma’am, in the servants’ cabin, and everybody is so set against him there, that there is little chance of his learning much. I hope, Miss Eve, mamerzelle does not distrust either of the gentlemen?”

“Surely you cannot suspect Mademoiselle Vieffville of indiscretion, Nanny; a better spirit, or better tone than hers, does not exist.”

“No, ma’am, ’tis not that; but I should like to have one more secret with you, all to myself. I honour and respect mamerzelle, who has done a thousand times more for you than a poor ignorant woman like me could have done, with all my zeal; but I do believe, Miss Eve, I love your shoe tie better than she loves your pure and beautiful spirit.”



“ Mademoiselle Viefville is an excellent woman, and I believe is sincerely attached to me.”

“ She would be a wretch else. I do not deny her attachment, but I only say it is nothing, it ought to be nothing, it can be nothing, it shall be nothing, compared to that of the one who first held you in arms, and who has always held you in heart. Mamerzelle can sleep such a night as this, which I ’m sure she could not do were she as much concerned for you as I am.”

Eve knew that jealousy of Mademoiselle Viefville was Nanny’s greatest weakness, and drawing the old woman to her, she entwined her arms around her neck and complained of drowsiness. Accustomed to watching, and really unable to sleep, the nurse now passed a perfectly happy hour in holding her child, who literally dropped asleep on her bosom; after which Nanny slid into the berth beneath, in her clothes, and finally lost the sense of her apprehensions in perturbed slumbers.

A cry on deck awoke all in the cabins early

on the succeeding morning. It was scarcely light, but a common excitement seized on every passenger, and ten minutes had not elapsed when Eve and her governess appeared in the hurricane-house, the last two of those who came from below. Few questions had been asked, but all hurried on deck with their apprehensions awakened by the gale, increased to the sense of some positive and impending danger.

Nothing, however, was immediately apparent to justify all this sudden clamour. The gale continued, if anything, with increased power; the ocean was rolling over its cataracts of combing seas, with which the ship was still racing, driven under the strain of a reefed forecourse, the only canvass that was set. Even with this little sail the hull was glancing through the raging seas, or rather in their company, at a rate little short of ten miles in the hour.

Captain Truck was in the mizen-rigging, bareheaded, every lock of hair he had blowing out like a pendant. Occasionally he signed

to the man at the wheel which way to put the helm ; for instead of sleeping, as many had supposed, he had been conning the ship for hours in the same situation. As Eve appeared, he was directing the attention of several of the gentlemen to some object astern, but a very few moments put all on deck in possession of the facts.

About a cable's length, on one of the quarters of the Montauk, was a ship careering before the gale like themselves, though carrying more canvass, and consequently driving faster through the water. The sudden appearance of this vessel in the sombre light of the morning, when objects were seen distinctly but without the glare of day ; the dark hull, relieved by a single narrow line of white paint, dotted with ports ; the glossy hammock-cloths, and all those other coverings of dark glistening canvass which give to a cruiser an air of finish and comfort, like that of a travelling carriage ; the symmetry of the spars, and the gracefulness of all the lines, whether of the hull or hamper, told all who knew anything of such

subjects, that the stranger was a vessel of war. To this information Captain Truck added that it was their old pursuer the Foam.

“ She is corvette-built,” said the master of the Montauk, “ and is obliged to carry more canvass than we, in order to keep out of the way of the seas ; for, if one of these big fellows should overtake her, and throw its crest into her waist, she would become like a man who has taken too much Saturday-night, and with whom a second dose might settle the purser’s books for ever.”

Such in fact was the history of the sudden appearance of this ship. She had lain-to as long as possible, and on being driven to scud, carried a close-reefed maintop-sail, a show of canvass that urged her through the water about two knots to the hour faster than the rate of the packet. Necessarily following the same course, she overtook the latter just as the day began to dawn. The cry had arisen on her sudden discovery, and the moment had now arrived when she was about to come up,

quite abreast of her late chase. The passage of the Foam, under such circumstances, was a grand, but thrilling thing. Her captain, too, was seen in the mizen-rigging of his ship, rocked by the gigantic billows over which the fabric was careering. He held a speaking-trumpet in his hand, as if still bent on his duty, in the midst of that awful warring of the elements. Captain Truck called for a trumpet in his turn, and fearful of consequences he waved it to the other to keep more aloof. The injunction was either misunderstood, the man-of-war's man was too much bent on his object, or the sea was too uncontrollable for such a purpose, the corvette driving up on a sea quite abeam of the packet, and in fearful proximity. The Englishman applied the trumpet, and words were heard amid the roaring of the winds. At that time, the white field of old Albion, with the St. George's cross, rose over the bulwarks, and by the time it had reached the gaff-end, the bunting was whipping in ribbons.

“Show ’em the gridiron!” growled Captain Truck through his trumpet, with its mouth turned in board.

As everything was ready this order was instantly obeyed, and the stripes of America were soon seen fluttering nearly in separate pieces. The two ships now ran a short distance in parallel lines, rolling from each other so heavily that the bright copper of the corvette was seen nearly to her keel. The Englishman, who seemed a portion of his ship, again tried his trumpet; the detached words of “lie-by,”—“orders,”—“communicate,” were caught by one or two, but the howling of the gale rendered all connexion in the meaning impossible. The Englishman ceased his efforts to make himself heard, for the two ships were now rolling-to, and it appeared as if they would interlock their spars. There was an instant when Mr. Leach had his hand on the main-brace to let it go; but the Foam started away on a sea, like a horse that feels the spur, and disobeying her helm, shot for-



ward as if about to cross the Montauk's fore-foot.

A breathless instant followed, for all on board the two ships thought they must now inevitably come foul of each other, and this the more so, because the Montauk took the impulse of the sea just as it was lost to the Foam, and seemed on the point of plunging directly into the stern of the latter. Even the seamen clenched the ropes around them convulsively, and the boldest held their breaths for a time. "The p-o-r-t, hard a port, and be d—d to you!" of Captain Truck; and the "S-t-a-r-b-o-a-r-d, starboard hard!" of the Englishman, were both distinctly audible to all in the two ships; for this was a moment in which seamen can speak louder than the tempest. The affrighted vessels seemed to recede together, and then they shot asunder in diverging lines, the Foam leading. All further attempts at a communication were instantly useless; the corvette being half a mile ahead in a quarter

of an hour, rolling her yard-arms nearly to the water.

Captain Truck said little to his passengers concerning this adventure; but when he had lighted a cigar, and was discussing the matter with his chief-mate, he told the latter there was "just one minute when he would not have given a ship's biscuit for both vessels, nor much more for their cargoes. A man must have a small regard for human souls, when he puts them, and their bodies too, so much in jeopardy for a little tobacco."

Throughout the day it blew furiously, for the ship was running into the gale, a phenomenon that we shall explain, as most of our readers may not comprehend it. All gales of wind commence to leeward; or, in other words, the wind is first felt at some particular point, and later, as we recede from that point, proceeding in the direction from which the wind blows. It is always severest near the point where it commences, appearing to diminish

in violence as it recedes. This, therefore, is an additional motive for mariners to lie-to, instead of scudding, since the latter not only carries them far from their true course, but it carries them also nearer to the scene of the greatest fury of the elements.

## CHAPTER II.

Good boatswain, have care.

*Tempest.*

AT sunset, the speck presented by the reefed topsail of the corvette had sunk beneath the horizon, in the southern board, and that ship was seen no longer. Several islands had been passed, looking tranquil and smiling amid the fury of the tempest; but it was impossible to haul up for any one among them. The most that could be done was to keep the ship dead before it, to prevent her broaching-to, and to have a care that she kept clear of those rocks and that bottom, for which Nanny Sidley had so much pined.

Familiarity with the scene began to lessen the apprehensions of the passengers, and as

scudding is an easy process for those who are liable to sea-sickness, ere another night shut in, the principal concern was connected with the course the ship was compelled to steer. The wind had so far hauled to the westward as to render it certain that the coast of Africa would lie in their way, if obliged to scud many hours longer; for Captain Truck's observations actually placed him to the southward, and eastward of the Canary Islands. This was a long distance out of his course, but the rate of sailing rendered the fact sufficiently clear.

This, too, was the precise time when the Montauk felt the weight of the tempest, or rather, when she experienced the heaviest portion of that which it was her fate to feel. Lucky was it for the good ship that she had not been in this latitude a few hours earlier, when it had blown something very like a hurricane. The responsibility and danger of his situation now began seriously to disturb Captain Truck, although he kept his apprehensions to himself, like a prudent officer.

All his calculations were gone over again with the utmost care, the rate of sailing was cautiously estimated, and the result showed, that ten or fifteen hours more would inevitably produce shipwreck of another sort, unless the wind moderated.

Fortunately, the gale began to break about midnight. The wind still blew tremendously, but it was less steadily, and there were intervals of half-an-hour at a time when the ship might have carried much more canvass, even on a bow-line : of course her speed abated in proportion, and, after the day had dawned, a long and anxious survey from aloft showed no land to the eastward. When perfectly assured of this important fact, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, ordered a coal for his cigar, and began to abuse Saunders about the quality of the coffee during the blow.

“Let there be something creditable, this morning, sir,” added the captain, after a sharp rebuke ; “and remember we are down here in the neighbourhood of the country of your



forefathers, where a man ought, in reason, to be on his good behaviour. If I hear any more of your washy compounds, I'll put you ashore, and let you run naked a summer or two with the monkeys and ourang-outangs."

"I endeavour, on all proper occasions, to render myself agreeable to you, Captain Truck, and to all those with whom I have the happiness to sail," returned the steward; "but the coffee, sir, cannot be very good, sir, in such weather, sir. I do diwine that the wind must blow away its flavour, for I am ready to confess it has not been as odorous as it usually is, when I have had the honour to prepare it. As for Africa, sir, I flatter myself, Captain Truck, that you esteem me too highly to believe I am suited to consort, or resort with the ill-formed and inedicated men who inhabit that wild country. I misremember whether my ancestors came from this part of the world or not; but if they did, sir, my habits and profession entirely unqualify me for their company, I hope. I know I am only a poor steward, sir, but you'll please to re-

collect that your great Mr. Vattel was nothing but a cook."

"D—n the fellow, Leach, I believe it is this conceit that has spoiled the coffee the last day or two! Do you suppose it can be true that a great writer like this man could really be no better than a cook, or was that Englishman roasting me, by way of showing how cooking is done ashore? If it were not for the testimony of the ladies, I might believe it; but they would not share in such an indecent trick.—What are you lying-by for, sir; go to your pantry, and remember that the gale is broken, and we shall all sit down to table this morning, as keen-set as a party of your brethren ashore here, who had a broiled baby for breakfast."

Saunders, who *ex-officio* might be said to be trained in similar lectures, went pouting to his work, taking care to expend a proper part of his spleen on Mr. Toast, who, quite as a matter of course, suffered in proportion as his superior was made to feel, in his own person, the weight of Captain Truck's autho-

city. It is perhaps fortunate that nature points out this easy and self-evident mode of relief, else would the rude habits of a ship sometimes render the relations between him who orders and him whose duty it is to obey, too nearly approaching to the intolerable.

The captain's squalls, however, were of short duration, and on the present occasion he was soon in even a better humour than common, as every minute gave the cheering assurance that the tempest was fast drawing to a close. He had finished his third cigar, and was actually issuing his orders to turn the reef out of the foresail, and to set the maintop-sail close-reefed when most of the passengers appeared on deck, for the first time that morning.

"Here we are, gentlemen!" cried Captain Truck, in the way of salutation, "nearer to Guinea than I could wish, with every prospect, now, of soon working our way across the Atlantic, and possibly of making a thirty or thirty-five days' passage of it, yet. We have

this sea to quiet ; and then I hope to show you what the Montauk has in her, besides her passengers and cargo. I think we have now got rid of the Foam, as well as of the gale. I did believe, at one time, her people might be walking and wading on the coast of Cornwall ; but I now believe they are more likely to try the sands of the great Desert of Sahara."

" It is to be hoped they have escaped the latter calamity, as fortunately as they escaped the first ! " observed Mr. Effingham.

" It may be so ; but the wind has got round to nor'-west, and has not been sighing these last twelve hours. Cape Blanco is not a hundred leagues from us, and, at the rate he was travelling, that gentleman with the speaking-trumpet may now be philosophizing over the fragments of his ship, unless he had the good sense to haul off more to the westward than he was steering when last seen. His ship should have been christened the ' Scud,' instead of the ' Foam.' "

Every one expressed the hope that the ship, to which their own situation was fairly enough

to be ascribed, might escape this calamity ; and all faces regained their cheerfulness as they saw the canvass fall, in sign that their own danger was past. So rapidly, indeed, did the gale now abate, that the topsail was hardly hoisted before the order was given to shake out another reef, and within an hour all the heavier canvass that was proper to carry before the wind was set, solely with a view to keep the ship steady. The sea was still fearful, and Captain Truck found himself obliged to keep off from his course, in order to avoid the danger of having his decks swept. The racing with the crest of the waves, however, was quite done, for the seas soon cease to comb and break after the force of the wind is expended.

At no time is the motion of the vessel more unpleasant, or, indeed, more dangerous, than in the interval that occurs between the ceasing of a violent gale, and the springing up of a new wind. The ship is unmanageable, and falling into the troughs of the sea, the waves break in upon her decks, often doing serious injury, while the spars and rigging are put to



the severest trial by the sudden and violent surges which they have to withstand. Of all this Captain Truck was fully aware, and when he was summoned to breakfast he gave many cautions to Mr. Leach before quitting the deck.

“ I do not like the new shrouds we bent in London,” he said, “ for the rope has stretched in this gale in a way to throw too much strain on the old rigging ; so see all ready for taking a fresh drag on them, as soon as the people have breakfasted. Mind and keep her out of the trough, sir, and watch every roller that you find comes tumbling after us.”

After repeating these injunctions in different ways, looking to windward some time, and aloft five or six minutes, Captain Truck finally went below, to pass judgment on Mr. Saunders' coffee. Once in his throne, at the head of the long table, the worthy master, after a proper attention to his passengers, set about the duty of restoration, as the steward affectedly called eating, with a zeal that never failed him on such occasions. He had just swallowed a cup of the coffee, about which he had lectured



Saunders, when a heavy flap of the sails announced the sudden failure of the wind.

“That is bad news,” said Captain Truck, listening to the fluttering blows of the canvass against the masts, “I never like to hear a ship shaking its wings while there is a heavy sea on; but this is better than the Desert of Sahara, and so, my dear young lady, let me recommend to you a cup of this coffee, which is flavoured this morning by a dread of ourang-outangs, as Mr. Saunders will have the honour to inform you—”

A jerk of the whole ship was followed by a report like that made by a musket. Captain Truck rose, and stood leaning on one hand in a bent attitude, expectation and distrust intensely portrayed in every feature. Another helpless roll of the ship succeeded, and three or four similar reports were immediately heard, as if large ropes had parted in quick succession. A rending of wood followed, and then came a chaotic crash, in which the impending heavens appeared to fall on the devoted ship. Most of the passengers shut their eyes, and

when they were opened again, or a moment afterwards, Mr. Truck had vanished.

It is scarcely necessary to describe the confusion that followed. Eve was frightened, but she behaved well, though Mademoiselle Viefville trembled so much as to require the assistance of Mr. Effingham.

“ We have lost our masts,” John Effingham coolly remarked ; “ an accident that will not be likely to be very dangerous, though by prolonging the passage a month or two, it may have the merit of making this good company more intimately acquainted with each other, a pleasure for which we cannot express too much gratitude.”

Eve implored his forbearance by a glance, for she saw his eye was unconsciously directed towards Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge, for both of whom she knew her kinsman entertained an incurable dislike. His words, however, explained the catastrophe, and most of the men hastened on deck to assure themselves of the fact.

John Effingham was right. The new rig-

ging which had stretched so much during the gale, had permitted too much of the strain, in the tremendous roll of the ship, to fall upon the other ropes. The shroud most exposed had parted first ; three or four more had followed in succession, and before there was time to secure anything, the remainder had gone together, and the mainmast had broken at a place where a defect was now seen in its heart. Falling over the side, the latter had brought down with it the mizen-mast and all its hamper, and as much of the fore-mast as stood above the top. In short, of all the complicated tracery of ropes, the proud display of spars, and the broad folds of canvass that had so lately overshadowed the deck of the Montauk, the mutilated fore-mast, the fore-yard and sail, and the fallen head-gear alone remained. All the rest either cumbered the deck, or was beating against the side of the ship, in the water.

The hard, red, weather-beaten face of Captain Truck was expressive of mortification and concern, for a single instant, when his eye glanced over the ruin we have just described.

His mind then seemed made up to the calamity, and he ordered Toast to bring him a coal of fire, with which he quietly lighted a cigar.

“ Here is a category, and be d—d to it, Mr. Leach,” he said, after taking a single whiff. “ You are doing quite right, sir ; cut away the wreck and force the ship free of it, or we shall have some of those sticks poking themselves through the planks. I always thought the chandler in London, into whose hands the agent has fallen, was a —— rogue, and now I know it well enough to swear to it. Cut away, carpenter, and get us rid of all this thumping as soon as possible. A very capital vessel, Mr. Monday, or she would have rolled the pumps out of her, and capsized the galley.”

No attempt being made to save anything, the wreck was floating astern in five minutes, and the ship was fortunately extricated from this new hazard. Mr. Truck, in spite of his acquired coolness, looked piteously at all that gallant hamper, in which he had so lately rejoiced, as yard-arm, cross-trees, tressel-trees, and tops rose on the summits of swells or set-

tled in the troughs, like whales playing their gambols. But habit is a seaman's philosophy, and in no one feature was his character more respectable than in that manliness which disinclined him to mourn over a misfortune that was inevitable.

The Montauk now resembled a tree stripped of its branches, or a courser crippled in his sinews; her glory had, in a great degree, departed. The fore-mast alone remained, and of this even the head was gone, a circumstance of which Captain Truck complained more than any other, as, to use his own expressions, "it destroyed the symmetry of the spar, which had proved itself to be a good stick." What, however, was of more real importance, it rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to get up a spare top-mast forward. As both the main and mizen-mast had gone quite near the deck, this was almost the only easy expedient that remained; and, within an hour of the accident, Mr. Truck announced his intentions to stand as far south as he could to strike the trades, and then to make a fair wind of it across the



Atlantic, unless, indeed, he might be able to fetch into the Cape de Verde Islands, where it would be possible, perhaps, to get something like a new outfit.

“All I now ask, my dear young lady,” he said to Eve, who ventured on deck to look at the desolation, as soon as the wreck was cut adrift, “all I now ask, my dear young lady, is an end to westerly winds for two or three weeks, and I will promise to place you all in America yet, in time to eat your Christmas dinner. I do not think Sir George will shoot many white bears among the Rocky Mountains this year, but then there will be so many more left for another season. The ship is in a category, and he will be an impudent scoundrel who denies it; but worse categories than this have been reasoned out of countenance. All head-sail is not a convenient show of cloth to claw off a lee-shore with; but I still hope to escape the misfortune of laying eyes on the coast of Africa.”

“Are we far from it?” asked Eve, who sufficiently understood the danger of being on an



uninhabitable shore in their present situation ; one in which it was vain to seek for a port. " I would rather be in the neighbourhood of any other land, I think, than that of Africa."

" Especially Africa between the Canaries and Cape Blanco," returned Captain Truck, with an expressive shrug. " More hospitable regions exist, certainly ; for, if accounts are to be credited, the honest people along-shore never get a Christian that they do not mount him on a camel, and trot him through the sands a thousand miles or so, under a hot sun, with a sort of haggis for food, that would go nigh to take away even a Scotchman's appetite."

" And you do not tell us how far we are from this frightful land, Mons. le Capitaine ?" inquired Mademoiselle Viefville.

" In ten minutes you shall know, ladies, for I am about to observe for the longitude. It is a little late, but it may yet be done."

" And we may rely on the fidelity of your information ?"

" On the honour of a sailor and a man."

The ladies were silent, while Mr. Truck pro-

ceeded to get the time and the sun. As soon as he had run through his calculations, he came to them with a face in which the eye was roving, though it was still good humoured and smiling.

“And the result?” said Eve.

“Is not quite as flattering as I could wish. We are materially within a degree of the coast; but, as the wind is gone, or nearly so, we may hope to find a shift that will shove us farther from the land. And now I have dealt frankly with you, let me beg you will keep the secret, for my people will be dreaming of Turks, instead of working, if they knew the fact.”

It required no great observation to discover that Captain Truck was far from satisfied with the position of his ship. Without any after-sail, and almost without the means of making any, it was idle to think of hauling off from the land, more especially against the heavy sea that was still rolling in from the north-west; and his present object was to make the Cape de Verdes, before reaching which he would be certain to meet the trades, and where, of course,

there would be some chance of repairing damages. His apprehensions would have been much less were the ship a degree or two farther south, or even a degree farther west, as the prevailing winds in this part of the ocean are from the northward and eastward ; but it was no easy matter to force a ship that distance under a fore-sail, the only regular sail that now remained in its place. It is true, he had some of the usual expedients of seamen at his command, and the people were immediately set about them ; but, in consequence of the principal spars having gone so near the decks, it became exceedingly difficult to rig jury-masts.

Something must be attempted, however, and the spare spars were got out, and all the necessary preparations were commenced, in order that they might be put into their places and rigged, as well as circumstances would allow. As soon as the sea went down, and the steadiness of the ship would permit, Mr. Leach succeeded in getting up an awkward lower studding-sail, and a sort of a stay-sail, forward, and with these additions to their canvass, the ship

was brought to head south, with the wind light at the westward. The sea was greatly diminished about noon; but a mile an hour, for those who had so long a road before them, and who were so near a coast that was known to be fearfully inhospitable, was a cheerless progress, and the cry of "sail, ho!" early in the afternoon diffused a general joy in the Montauk.

The stranger was made to the southward and eastward, and was standing on a course that must bring her quite near to their own track, as the Montauk then headed. The wind was so light, however, that Captain Truck gave it as his opinion they could not speak until night had set in.

"Unless the coast has brought him up, yonder flaunting gentleman, who seems to have had better luck with his light canvass than ourselves, must be the Foam," he said. "Tobacco, or no tobacco, bride or bridegroom, the fellow has us at last, and all the consolation that is left is, that we shall be much obliged to him, now, if he will carry us to Portsmouth,

or into any other Christian haven. We have shown him what a kettle-bottom can do before the wind, and now let him give us a tow to windward like a generous antagonist. That is what I call Vattel, my dear young lady."

"If he do this, he will indeed prove himself a generous adversary," said Eve, "and we shall be certain to speak well of his humanity, whatever we may think of his obstinacy."

"Are you quite sure the ship in sight is the corvette?" asked Paul Blunt.

"Who else can it be? — Two vessels are quite sufficient to be jammed down here on the coast of Africa, and we know that the Englishman must be somewhere to leeward of us; though, I will confess, I had believed him much farther, if not plump up among the Mohammedans, beginning to reduce to a feather-weight, like Captain Riley, who came out with just his skin and bones, after a journey across the desert."

"I do not think those top-gallant-sails have the symmetry of the canvass of a ship-of-war."

Captain Truck looked steadily at the young



man an instant, as one regards a sound criticism, and then he turned his eye towards the object of which they were speaking.

“ You are right, sir,” he rejoined, after a moment of examination ; “ and I have had a lesson in my own trade, from one young enough to be my son. The stranger is clearly no cruiser, and as there is no port in-shore of us anywhere near this latitude, he is probably some trader who has been driven down here, like ourselves.”

“ And I ’m very sure, captain,” put in Sir George Templemore, “ we ought to rejoice sincerely that, like ourselves, he has escaped shipwreck. For my part, I pity the poor wretches on board the Foam most sincerely, and could almost wish myself a Catholic, that one might yet offer up sacrifices in their behalf.”

“ You have shown yourself a Christian throughout all that affair, Sir George, and I shall not forget your handsome offers to befriend the ship, rather than let us fall into the jaws of the Philistines. We were in a category



more than once, with that nimble-footed racer in our wake, and you were the man, Sir George, who manifested the most hearty desire to get us out."

"I ever feel an interest in the ship in which I embark," returned the gratified baronet, who was not displeased at hearing his liberality so openly commended; "and I would cheerfully have given a thousand pounds in preference to being taken. I rather think, now, that is the true spirit for a sportsman!"

"Or for an admiral, my good sir. To be frank with you, Sir George, when I first had the honour of your acquaintance, I did not think you had so much in you. There was a sort of English attention to small wares, a species of knee-buckleism about your *debutt*, as Mr. Dodge calls it, that made me distrust your being the whole-souled and one-idea'd man I find you really are."

"Oh! I *do* like my comforts," said Sir George, laughing.

"That you do, and I am only surprised you don't smoke. Now, Mr. Dodge, your

room-mate, there, tells me you have six-and-thirty pair of breeches !”

“ I have—yes, indeed, I have. One would wish to go abroad decently clad.”

“ Well ! if it should be our luck to travel in the deserts, your wardrobe would rig out a whole harem.”

“ I wish, captain, you would do me the favour to step into our state-room, some morning ; I have many curious things I should like to show you. A set of razors, in particular,—and a dressing-case — and a pair of patent pistols—and that life-preserver that you admire so much, Mr. Dodge. Mr. Dodge has seen most of my curiosities, I believe, and will tell you some of them are really worth a moment’s examination.”

“ Yes, captain, I must say,” observed Mr. Dodge,—for this conversation was held apart between the three, the mate keeping an eye the while on the duty of the ship, for habit had given Mr. Truck the faculty of driving his people while he entertained his passengers —

“ Yes, captain, I must say I have met no

gentleman who is better supplied with necessities, than *my* friend Sir George. But English gentlemen are curious in such things, and I admit that I admire their ingenuity."

"Particularly in breeches, Mr. Dodge. Have you coats to match, Sir George?"

"Certainly, Sir. One would be a little absurd in his shirt sleeves. I wish, captain, we could make Mr. Dodge a little less of a republican. I find him a most agreeable room-mate, but rather annoying on the subject of kings and princes."

"You stick up for the people, Mr. Dodge, or to the old category?"

"On that subject, Sir George and I shall never agree, for he is obstinately monarchial; but I tell him, we shall treat him none the worse for that, when he gets among us. He has promised me a visit in our part of the country, and I have pledged myself to his being unqualifiedly well received; and I think I know the whole meaning of a pledge."

"I understand Mr. Dodge," pursued the baronet, "that he is the editor of a public

journal, in which he entertains his readers with an account of his adventures and observations during his travels. 'The Active Inquirer,' is it not, Mr. Dodge?"

"That is the name, Sir George. 'The Active Inquirer' is the present name, though when we supported Mr. Adams it was called 'The Active Enquirer,' with an E."

"A distinction without a difference; I like that," interrupted Captain Truck. "This is the second time I have had the honour to sail with Mr. Dodge, and a more active inquirer never put foot in a ship, though I did not know the use he put his information to, before. It is all in the way of trade, I find."

"Mr. Dodge claims to belong to a profession, captain, and is quite above trade. He tells me many things have occurred on board this ship, since we sailed, that will make very eligible paragraphs."

"The d—— he does! — I should like particularly well, Mr. Dodge, to know what you will find to say concerning this category in which the Montauk is placed."

“ Oh ! captain, no fear of me, when you are concerned. You know I am a friend, and you have no cause to apprehend anything ; though I ’ll not answer for everybody else on board ; for there are passengers in this ship to whom I have decided antipathies, and whose deportment meets with my unqualified disapprobation.”

“ And you intend to paragraph them ?”

“ Mr. Dodge was now swelling with the conceit of a vulgar and inflated man, who not only fancies himself in possession of a power that others dread, but who was so far blinded to his own qualities as to think his opinion of importance to those whom he felt in the minutest fibre of his envious and malignant system to be in every essential his superiors. He did not dare express all his rancour, while he was unequal to suppressing it entirely.

“ These Effinghams, and this Mr. Sharp, and that Mr. Blunt,” he muttered, “ think themselves everybody’s betters ; but we shall see ! America is not a country in which people can shut themselves up in rooms, and fancy they are lords and ladies.”



“Bless my soul !” said Captain Truck, with his affected simplicity of manner ; “ how did you find this out, Mr. Dodge ? What a thing it is, Sir George, to be an active inquirer !”

“ Oh ! I know when a man is blown up with notions of his own importance. As for Mr. John Effingham, he has been so long abroad that he has forgotten that he is a going home to a country of equal rights !”

“ Very true, Mr. Dodge ; a country in which a man cannot shut himself up in his room, whenever the notion seizes him. This is the spirit, Sir George, to make a great nation, and you see that the daughter is likely to prove worthy of the old lady ! But, my dear sir, are you quite sure that Mr. John Effingham has absolutely so high a sentiment in his own favour. It would be awkward business to make a blunder in such a serious matter, and murder a paragraph for nothing. You should remember the mistake of the Irishman !”

“ What was that ?” asked the baronet, who was completely mystified by the indomitable gravity of Captain Truck, whose character



might be said to be actually formed, by the long habit of treating the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures with cool contempt. "We hear many good things at our club; but I do not remember the mistake of the Irishman?"

"He merely mistook the drumming in his own ear, for some unaccountable noise that disturbed his companions."

Mr. Dodge felt uncomfortable; but there is no one in whom a vulgar-minded man stands so much in awe as an immovable quiz, who has no scruple in using his power. He shook his head, therefore, in a menacing manner, and affecting to have something to do he went below, leaving the baronet and captain by themselves.

"Mr. Dodge is a stubborn friend of liberty," said the former, when his room-mate was out of hearing.

"That is he, and you have his own word for it. He has no notion of letting a man do as he has a mind to! We are full of such active inquirers in America, and I don't care

how many you shoot before you begin upon the white bears, Sir George."

"But it would be more gracious in the Effinghams, you must allow, captain, if they shut themselves up in their cabin less, and admitted us to their society a little oftener. I am quite of Mr. Dodge's way of thinking, that exclusion is excessively odious."

"There is a poor fellow in the steerage, Sir George, to whom I have given a piece of canvass to repair a damage to his mainsail, who would say the same thing, did he know of your six-and-thirtys.—Take a cigar, my dear sir, and smoke away sorrow."

"Thankee, captain: I never smoke. We never smoke at our club, though some of us go, at times, to the divan to try a chibouk."

"We can't all have cabins to ourselves, or no one would live forward, Sir George. If the Effinghams like their own apartment, I do honestly believe it is for a reason as simple as that it is the best in the ship. I'll warrant you, if there were a better, that they would be ready enough to change. I suppose

when we get in Mr. Dodge will honour you with an article in 'The Active Inquirer?'"

"To own the truth, he has intimated some such thing."

"And why not? A very instructive paragraph might be made about the six-and-thirty pair of breeches, and the patent razors, and the dressing-case, to say nothing of the Rocky Mountains, and the white bears."

Sir George now began to feel uncomfortable, and making a few unmeaning remarks about the late accident, he disappeared.

Captain Truck, who never smiled except at the corner of his left eye, turned away, and began rattling off his people, and throwing in a hint or two to Saunders, with as much indifference as if he was a firm believer in the unfailing orthodoxy of a newspaper, and entertained a profound respect for the editor of 'The Active Inquirer,' in particular.

The prognostic of the master concerning the strange ship proved true, for about nine at night she came within hail, and backed her maintop-sail. This vessel proved to be an

American in ballast, bound from Gibraltar to New York; a return store-ship from the squadron kept in the Mediterranean. She had met the gale to the westward of Madeira, and after holding on as long as possible, had also been compelled to scud. According to the report of her officers, the Foam had run in much closer to the coast than herself, and it was their opinion she was lost. Their own escape was owing entirely to the winds abating, for they had actually been within sight of the land, though having received no injury, they had been able to haul off in season.

Luckily, this ship was ballasted with fresh water, and Captain Truck passed the night in negotiating a transfer of his steerage passengers, under an apprehension that, in the crippled state of his own vessel, his supplies might be exhausted before he could reach America. In the morning, the offer of being put on board the store-ship was made to those who chose to accept it, and all in the steerage, with most from the cabin, profited by the occasion to exchange a dismasted vessel for one

that was, at least, full rigged. Provisions were transferred accordingly, and by noon next day the stranger made sail on a wind, the sea being tolerably smooth, and the breeze still ahead. In three hours she was out of sight to the northward and westward, the Montauk holding her own dull course to the southward, with the double view of striking the trades, or of reaching one of the Cape de Verdes.

## CHAPTER III.

*Steph.*—His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract.

*Tempest.*

THE situation of the Montauk appeared more desolate than ever, after the departure of so many of her passengers. So long as her decks were thronged there was an air of life about her, that served to lessen disquietude, but now that she was left by all in the steerage, and by so many in the cabins, those who remained began to entertain livelier apprehensions of the future. When the upper sails of the store-ship sunk as a speck in the ocean, Mr. Effingham regretted that he, too, had not overcome his reluctance to a crowded and inconvenient cabin, and gone on board her,



with his own party. Thirty years before he would have thought himself fortunate in finding so good a ship, and accommodations so comfortable, for a passage; but habit and indulgence change all our opinions, and he had now thought it next to impossible to place Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville in a situation that was so common to those who travelled by sea at the commencement of the century.

Most of the cabin passengers, as has just been stated, decided differently, none remaining but the Effinghams and their party; Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, Sir George Templemore, Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Monday. Mr. Effingham had been influenced by the superior comforts of the packet, and his hopes that a speedy arrival at the islands would enable the ship to refit, in time to reach America almost as soon as the dull sailing-vessel which had just left them. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt had both expressed a determination to share his fortunes, which was indirectly saying that they would share the fortunes of his

daughter. John Effingham remained as a matter of course, though he had made a proposition to the stranger to tow them into port, an arrangement that failed in consequence of the two captains disagreeing as to the course proper to be steered, as well as to a more serious obstacle in the way of compensation, the stranger throwing out some pretty plain hints about salvage; and Mr. Monday staying from an inveterate attachment to the steward's stores, more of which, he rightly judged, would now fall to his share than formerly.

Sir George Templemore had gone on board the store-ship, and had given some very clear demonstrations of an intention to transfer himself and the thirty-six pair of breeches to that vessel; but on examining her comforts, and particularly the confined place in which he would be compelled to stow himself and his numerous curiosities, he was unequal to the sacrifice. On the other hand, he knew an entire state-room would now fall to his share, and this self-indulged and feeble-minded young

man preferred his immediate comfort, and the gratification of his besetting weakness, to his safety.

As for Mr. Dodge, he had the American mania of hurry, and was one of the first to propose a general swarming, as soon as it was known the stranger could receive them. During the night, he had been actively employed in fomenting a party to "resolve" that prudence required the Montauk should be altogether abandoned, and even after this scheme failed, he had dwelt eloquently in corners (Mr. Dodge was too meek, and too purely democratic, ever to speak aloud, unless under the shadow of public opinion,) on the propriety of Captain Truck's yielding his own judgment to that of the majority. He might as well have scolded against the late gale, in the expectation of out-railing the tempest, as to make such an attempt on the firm-set notions of the old seaman concerning his duty; for no sooner was the thing intimated to him than he growled a denial in a tone that he was little accustomed to use to his passengers,

and one that effectually silenced remonstrance. When these two plans had failed, Mr. Dodge endeavoured strenuously to show Sir George that his interests and safety were on the side of a removal; but with all his eloquence, and with the hold that incessant adulation had actually given him on the mind of the other, he was unable to overcome his love of ease, and chiefly the passion for the enjoyment of the hundred articles of comfort and curiosity in which the baronet so much delighted. The breeches might have been packed in a trunk, it is true, and so might the razors, and the dressing-case, and the pistols, and most of the other things; but Sir George loved to look at them daily, and as many as possible were constantly paraded before his eyes.

To the surprise of every one, Mr. Dodge, on finding it impossible to prevail on Sir George Templemore to leave the packet, suddenly announced his own intention to remain also. Few stopped to inquire into his motives in the hurry of such a moment. To his roommate he affirmed that the strong friendship he

had formed for him, could alone induce him to relinquish the hope of reaching home previously to the autumn elections.

Nor did Mr. Dodge greatly colour the truth in making this statement. He was an American demagogue precisely in obedience to those feelings and inclinations which would have made him a courtier anywhere else. It is true, he had travelled, or thought he had travelled, in a *diligence* with a countess or two, but from these he had been obliged to separate early on account of the force of things; while here he got a *bonâ-fide* English baronet all to himself, in a confined state-room, and his imagination revelled in the glory and gratification of such an acquaintance. What were the proud and distant Effinghams to Sir George Templemore! He even ascribed their reserve with the baronet to envy, a passion of whose existence he had very lively perceptions, and he found a secret charm in being shut up in so small an apartment with a man who could excite envy in an Effingham. Rather than abandon his aristocratical prize, therefore,



whom he intended to exhibit to all his democratic friends in his own neighbourhood, Mr. Dodge determined to abandon his beloved hurry, looking for his reward in the future pleasure of talking of Sir George Templemore and his curiosities, and his sayings and his jokes, in the circle at home. Odd, moreover, as it may seem, Mr. Dodge had an itching desire to remain with the Effinghams; for while he was permitting jealousy and a consciousness of inferiority to beget hatred, he was willing at any moment to make peace, provided it could be done by a frank admission into their intimacy. As to the innocent family that was rendered of so much account to the happiness of Mr. Dodge, it seldom thought of that individual at all, little dreamed of its own importance in his estimation, and merely acted in obedience to its own cultivated tastes and high principles in disliking his company. It fancied itself, in this particular, the master of its own acts, and this so much the more, that with the reserve of good breeding its members



seldom indulged in censorious personal remarks, and never in gossip.

As a consequence of these contradictory feelings of Mr. Dodge, and of the fastidiousness of Sir George Templemore, the interest her two admirers took in Eve, the devotion of Mr. Monday to sherry and champaigne, and the decision of Mr. Effingham, these persons therefore remained the sole occupants of the cabins of the Montauk. Of the *oi polloi*, who had left them, we have hitherto said nothing, especially as this separation was to remove them entirely from the interest of our incidents.

If we were to say that Captain Truck did not feel melancholy as the store-ship sunk beneath the horizon, we should represent that stout-hearted mariner as more stoical than he actually was. In the course of a long and adventuresome professional life, he had encountered calamities before, but until now he had never been compelled to call in assistance to deliver his passengers at the stipulated port, since he had commanded a packet. He felt

the necessity, in the present instance, as a sort of stain upon his character as a seaman, though in fact the accident which had occurred was chiefly to be attributed to a concealed defect in the mainmast. The honest master sighed often, smoked nearly double the usual number of cigars in the course of the afternoon, and when the sun went down gloriously in the distant west, he stood gazing at the sky in melancholy silence, as long as any of the magnificent glory that accompanies the decline of day lingered among the vapours of the horizon. He then summoned Saunders to the quarter-deck, where the following dialogue took place between them.

“ This is a devil of a category to be in, Master Steward !”

“ Well, he might be better, sir. I only wish the good butter may endure until we get in.”

“ If it fail, I shall go nigh to see you clapt into the State’s prison, or at least into that Gothic cottage on Blackwell’s Island.”

There is an end to all things, Captain

Truck, if you please, sir, even to butter. I presume, sir, Mr. Vattel, if he knows anything of cookery, will admit that."

"Harkee, Saunders, if you ever insinuate again that Vattel belonged to the coppers, in my presence, I'll take the liberty to land you on the coast here, where you may amuse yourself in stewing young monkeys for your own dinner. I saw you aboard the other ship, sir, overhauling her arrangements: what sort of a time will the gentlemen be likely to have in her?"

"Atrocious, sir! I give you my honour, as a real gentleman, sir. Why, would you believe it, Captain Truck, the steward is a downright nigger, and he wears ear-rings, and a red flannel shirt, without the least edication. As for the cook, sir, he wouldn't pass an examination for Jemmy Ducks aboard here, and there is but one camboose, and one set of coppers."

"Well, the steerage-passengers, in that case, will fare as well as the cabin."

"Yes, sir, and the cabin as bad as the steer-

age; and for my part, I abomernate liberty and equality."

"You should converse with Mr. Dodge on that subject, Master Saunders, and let the hardest fend off in the argument. May I inquire, sir, if you happen to remember the day of the week?"

"Beyond controversy, sir; to-morrow will be Sunday, Captain Truck, and I think it a thousand pities we have not an opportunity to solicit the prayers and praises of the church, sir, in our behalf, sir."

"If to-morrow will be Sunday, to-day must be Saturday, Mr. Saunders, unless this last gale has deranged the calendar."

"Quite naturally, sir, and wery justly remarked. Everybody admits there is no better navigator than Captain Truck, sir."

"This may be true, my honest fellow," returned the captain moodily, after making three or four heavy puffs at the cigar; "but I am sadly out of my road down here in the country of your amiable family, just now. If this be Saturday, there will be a Saturday

night before long, and look to it, that we have our 'sweethearts and wives.' Though I have neither myself, I feel the necessity of something cheerful, to raise my thoughts to the future."

"Depend on my discretion, sir, and I rejoice to hear you say it; for I think, sir, a ship is never so respectable and genteel as when she celebrates all the anniversaries. You will be quite a select and agreeable party to-night, sir."

With this remark Mr. Saunders withdrew, to confer with Toast on the subject, and Captain Truck proceeded to give his orders for the night to Mr. Leach. The proud ship did indeed present a sight to make a seaman melancholy; for to the only regular sail that stood, the foresail, by this time was added a lower studding-sail, imperfectly rigged, and which would not resist a fresh puff, while a very inartificial jury-topmast supported a topgallant-sail, that could only be carried in a free wind. Aft, preparations were making of a more permanent nature, it is true. The upper

part of the mainmast had been cut away, as low as the steerage-deck, where an arrangement had been made to step a spare topmast. The spar itself was lying on the deck rigged, and a pair of sheers were in readiness to be hoisted, in order to sway it up ; but night approaching, the men had been broken off, to rig the yards, bend the sails, and to fit the other spars it was intended to use, postponing the last act, that of sending all up until morning.

“ We are likely to have a quiet night of it,” said the captain, glancing his eyes round at the heavens ; “ and at eight o’clock to-morrow let all hands be called, when we will turn-to with a will, and make a brig of the old hussey. This topmast will do to bear the strain of the spare mainyard, unless there come another gale, and by reefing the new mainsail we shall be able to make something out of it. The topgallant-mast will fit of course above, and we may make out, by keeping a little free, to carry the sail : at need, we may possibly coax the contrivance into carrying a studding-



sail also. We have sticks for no more, though we 'll endeavour to get up something aft, out of the spare spars obtained from the store-ship. You may knock off at four bells, Mr. Leach, and let the poor fellows have their Saturday's night in peace. It is a misfortune enough to be dismasted, without having one's grog stopped."

The mate of course obeyed, and the evening shut in beautifully and placid, with all the glory of a mild night, in a latitude as low as that they were in. They who have never seen the ocean under such circumstances, know little of its charms in its moments of rest. The term of sleeping is well applied to its impressive stillness, for the long sluggish swells on which the ship rose and fell, hardly disturbed its surface. The moon did not rise until midnight, and Eve, accompanied by Mademoiselle Vieffville and most of her male companions, walked the deck by the bright starlight, until fatigued with pacing their narrow bounds.

The song and the laugh rose frequently from the forecastle, where the crew were occupied with their Saturday-night; and occasionally a rude sentiment in the way of a toast was heard. But weariness soon got the better of merriment forward, and the hard-worked mariners, who had the watch below, soon went down to their berths, leaving those whose duty it was to remain to doze away the long hours in such places as they could find on deck.

“A white squall,” said Captain Truck, looking up at the uncouth sails that hardly impelled the vessel a mile in the hour through the water, “would soon furl all our canvass for us, and we are in the very place for such an interlude.”

“And what would then become of us?” asked Mademoiselle Vieffville quickly.

“You had better ask what would become of that apology for a topsail, mam’selle, and yonder stun’sail, which looks like an American in London without straps to his pantaloons. The canvass would play kite, and we should

be left to renew our inventions. A ship could scarcely be in better plight than we are at this moment, to meet with one of these African flurries."

"In which case, captain," observed Mr. Monday, who stood by the skylight watching the preparations below, "we can go to our Saturday-night without fear; for I see the steward has everything ready, and the punch looks very inviting, to say nothing of the champagne."

"Gentlemen, we will not forget our duty," returned the captain: "we are but a small family, and so much the greater need that we should prove a jolly one. Mr. Effingham, I hope we are to have the honour of your company at 'sweethearts and wives.'"

"Mr. Effingham had no wife, and the invitation coming under such peculiar circumstances, produced a pang that Eve, who felt his arm tremble, well understood. She mildly intimated her intention to go below; the whole party followed, and lucky it was for the captain's entertainment that she quitted the deck,

as few would otherwise have been present at it. By pressing the passengers to favour him with their company, however, he succeeded in getting all the gentlemen seated at the cabin-table, with a glass of delicious punch before each man, in the course of a few minutes.

“ Mr. Saunders may not be a conjuror or a mathematician, gentlemen,” cried Captain Truck, as he ladled out the beverage; “ but he understands the philosophy of sweet and sour, strong and weak; and I will venture to praise his liquor without tasting it. Well, gentlemen, there are better-rigged ships on the ocean than this of ours; but there are few with more comfortable cabins, or stouter hulls, or better company. Please God we can get a few sticks aloft again, now that we are quit of our troublesome shadow. I think I may flatter myself with a reasonable hope of landing you, that do me the honour to stand by me, in New York, in less time than a common drogger would make the passage, with all his legs and arms. Let our first toast be,

if you please, 'A happy end to that which has had a disastrous beginning.' "

Captain Truck's hard face twitched a little while he was making this address, and as he swallowed the punch, his eyes glistened in spite of himself. Mr. Dodge, Sir George, and Mr. Monday repeated the sentiment sonorously, word for word, while the other gentlemen bowed, and drank it in silence.

The commencement of a regular scene of merriment is usually dull and formal, and it was some time before Captain Truck could bring any of his companions up to the point where he wished to see them; for though a perfectly sober man, he loved a social glass, and particularly at those times and seasons which conformed to the practices of his calling. Although Eve and her governess had declined taking their seats at the table, they consented to place themselves where they might be seen, and where they might share occasionally in the conversation.

"Here have I been drinking sweethearts

and wives of a Saturday-night, my dear young lady, these forty years and more," said Captain Truck, after the party had sipped their liquor for a minute or two, "without ever falling into luck's latitude, or furnishing myself with either; but, though so negligent of my own interests and happiness, I make it an invariable rule to advise all my young friends to get spliced before they are thirty. Many is the man who has come aboard my ship a determined bachelor in his notions, who has left it at the end of the passage ready to marry the first pretty young woman he fell in with."

As Eve had too much of the self-respect of a lady, and of the true dignity of her sex, to permit jokes concerning matrimony, or a treatise on love, to make a part of her conversation, and all the gentlemen of her party understood her character too well, to say nothing of their own habits, to second this attempt of the captain's, after a rapid remark or two from the others, this rally of the honest mariner produced no *suites*.



“Are we not unusually low, Captain Truck,” inquired Paul Blunt, with a view to change the discourse, “not to have fallen in with the trades? I have commonly met with those winds on this coast as high as twenty-six or twenty-seven, and I believe you observed to-day, in twenty-four.”

Captain Truck looked hard at the speaker, and when he had done, he nodded his head in approbation.

“You have travelled this road before, Mr. Blunt, I perceive. I have suspected you of being a brother chip, from the moment I saw you first put your foot on the side-cleets in getting out of the boat. You did not come aboard parrot-toed, like a country-girl waltzing; but set the ball of the foot firmly on the wood, and swung off the length of your arm, like a man who knows how to humour the muscles. Your present remark, too, shows you understand where a ship ought to be, in order to be in her right place. As for the trades, they are a little uncertain, like a lady’s mind when she has more than one good offer;

for I've known them to blow as high as thirty, and then again, to fail a vessel as low as twenty-three, or even lower. It is my private opinion, gentlemen, and I gladly take this opportunity to make it public, that we are on the edge of the trades, or in those light baffling winds which prevail along their margin, as eddies play near the track of strong steady currents in the ocean. If we can force the ship fairly out of this trimming region—that is the word, I believe, Mr. Dodge—we shall do well enough; for a north-east, or an east wind, would soon send us up with the islands, even under the rags we carry. We are very near the coast, certainly — much nearer than I could wish; but when we do get the good breeze, it will be all the better for us, as it will find us well to windward."

"But these trades, Captain Truck?" asked Eve: "if they always blow in the same direction, how is it possible that the late gale should drive a ship into the quarter of the ocean where they prevail?"

"Always, means sometimes, my dear young

lady. Although light winds prevail near the edge of the trades, gales, and tremendous fellows too, sometimes blow there also, as we have just seen. I think we shall now have settled weather, and that our chance of a safe arrival, more particularly in some southern American port, is almost certain, though our chance for a speedy arrival be not quite as good. I hope before twenty-four hours are passed, to see our decks white with sand."

"Is that a phenomenon seen here?" asked the father.

"Often, Mr. Effingham, when ships are close in with Africa, and are fairly in the steady winds. To say the truth, the country abreast of us, some twenty or thirty miles distant, is not the most inviting; and though it may not be easy to say where the garden of Eden is, it is not hazardous to say it is not there."

"If we are so very near the coast, why do we not see it?"

"Perhaps we might from aloft, if we had any aloft just now. We are to the southward

of the mountains, however, and off a part of the country where the Great Desert makes from the coast. And now, gentlemen, I perceive Mr. Monday finds all this sand arid, and I ask permission to give you, one and all, 'Sweethearts and wives.'"

Most of the company drank the usual toast with spirit, though both the Effinghams scarce wetted their lips. Eve stole a timid glance at her father, and her own eyes were filled with tears as she withdrew them; for she knew that every allusion of this nature revived in him mournful recollections. As for her cousin Jack, he was so confirmed a bachelor that she thought nothing of his want of sympathy with such a sentiment.

"You must have a care for your heart, in America, Sir George Templemore," cried Mr. Dodge, whose tongue loosened with the liquor he drank. "Our ladies are celebrated for their beauty, and are immensely popular, I can assure you."

Sir George looked pleased, and it is quite probable his thoughts ran on the one particular

vestment of the six-and-thirty, in which he ought to make his first appearance in such a society.

“ I allow the American ladies to be handsome,” said Mr. Monday; “ but I think no Englishman need be in any particular danger of his heart from such a cause, after having been accustomed to the beauty of his own island. Captain Truck, I have the honour to drink your health.”

“ Fairly said,” cried the captain, bowing to the compliment; “ and I ascribe my own hard fortune to the fact that I have been kept sailing between two countries so much favoured in this particular, that I have never been able to make up my mind which to prefer. I have wished a thousand times there was but one handsome woman in the world, when a man would have nothing to do but fall in love with her, and make up his mind to get married at once, or to hang himself.”

“ That is a cruel wish to us men,” returned Sir George, “ as we should be certain to quarrel for the beauty.”



"In such a case," resumed Mr. Monday, "we common men would have to give way to the claims of the nobility and gentry, and satisfy ourselves with plainer companions; though an Englishman loves his independence, and might-rebel. I have the honour to drink to your health and happiness, Sir George."

"I protest against your principle, Mr. Monday," said Mr. Dodge, "which is an invasion on human rights. Perfect freedom of action is to be maintained in this matter as in all others. I acknowledge that the English ladies are extremely beautiful, but I shall always maintain the supremacy of the American fair."

"We will drink their healths, sir. I am far from denying their beauty, Mr. Dodge, but I think you must admit that they fade earlier than our British ladies. God bless them both, however, and I empty this glass to the two entire nations, with all my heart and soul."

"Perfectly polite, Mr. Monday; but as to the fading of the ladies, I am not certain that I can yield an unqualified approbation to your sentiment."



“Nay, sir, your climate, you will allow, is none of the best, and it wears out constitutions almost as fast as your states make them.”

“I hope there is no real danger to be apprehended from the climate,” said Sir George: “I particularly detest bad climates; and for that reason have always made it a rule never to go into Lincolnshire.”

“In that case, Sir George, you had better have stayed at home. In the way of climate, a man seldom betters himself by leaving old England. Now this is the tenth time I’ve been in America, allowing that I ever reach there, and although I entertain a profound respect for the country, I find myself growing older every time I quit it. Mr. Effingham, I do myself the favour to drink to your health and happiness.”

“You live too well when among us, Mr. Monday,” said the captain; “there are too many soft crabs, hard clams, and canvass-backs; too much old Madeira, and generous Sherry, for a man of your well-known taste to resist them. Sit less time at table, and go oftener to

church this trip, and let us hear your report of the consequences a twelvemonth hence."

"You quite mistake my habits, Captain Truck, I give you my honour. Although a judicious eater, I seldom take anything that is compounded, being a plain roast and boiled man; a true old-fashioned Englishman in this respect, satisfying my appetite with solid beef and mutton, and turkeys and pork, and puddings and potatoes, and turnips and carrots, and similar simple food; and then I *never* drink.—Ladies, I ask the honour to be permitted to wish you a happy return to your native countries.—I ascribe all the difficulty, sir, to the climate, which will not permit a man to digest properly."

"Well, Mr. Monday, I subscribe to most of your opinions, and I believe few men cross the ocean together that are more harmonious in sentiment, in general, than has proved to be the case between you and Sir George, and myself," observed Mr. Dodge, glancing obliquely and pointedly at the rest of the party, as if he thought they were in a decided minority; "but

in this instance, I feel constrained to record my vote in the negative. I believe America has as good a climate, and as good general digestion as commonly falls to the lot of mortals : more than this I do not claim for the country, and less than this I should be reluctant to maintain. I have travelled a little, gentlemen, not as much, perhaps, as the Messrs. Effinghams ; but then a man can see no more than is to be seen, and I do affirm, Captain Truck, that in my poor judgment, which I know is good for nothing—”

“ Why do you use it, then ? ” abruptly asked the straight-forward captain ; “ why not rely on a better ? ”

“ We must use such as we have, or go without, sir ; and I suspect, in my very poor judgment, which is probably poorer than most others on board, that America is a very good sort of a country. At all events, after having seen something of other countries, and governments, and people, I am of opinion that America, as a country, is quite good enough for me.”

“ You never said truer words, Mr. Dodge, and I beg you will join Mr. Monday and myself in a fresh glass of punch, just to help on the digestion. You have seen more of human nature than your modesty allows you to proclaim, and I dare say this company would be gratified if you would overcome all scruples, and let us know your private opinions of the different people you have visited. Tell us something of that *dittur* you made on the Rhine.”

“ Mr. Dodge intends to publish, it is to be hoped !” observed Mr. Sharp ; “ and it may not be fair to anticipate his matter.”

“ I beg, gentlemen, you will have no scruples on that score, for my work will be rather philosophical and general, than of the particular nature of private anecdotes. Saunders, hand me the manuscript journal you will find on the shelf of our state-room, next to Sir George’s patent tooth-pick case. This is the book ; and now, gentlemen and ladies, I beg you to remember that these are merely the

ideas as they arose, and not my more mature reflections."

"Take a little punch, sir," interrupted the captain, again, whose hard nor'-west face was set in the most demure attention. "There is nothing like punch to clear the voice, Mr. Dodge; the acid removes the huskiness, the sugar softens the tones, the water mellows the tongue, and the Jamaica braces the muscles. With a plenty of punch, a man soon gets to be another—I forget the name of that great orator of antiquity,—it wasn't Vattel, however."

"You mean Demosthenes, sir; and, gentlemen, I beg you to remark that this orator was a republican: but there can be no question that liberty is favourable to the encouragement of all the higher qualities. Would you prefer a few notes on Paine, ladies, or shall I commence with some extracts about the Rhine?"

"*Oh! de grace, Monsieur*, be so very kind as not to overlook *Paris*?" said Mademoiselle Viefville.

“ Mr. Dodge bowed graciously, and turning over the leaves of his private journal, he alighted in the heart of the great city named. After some preliminary hemming, he commenced reading in a grave didactic tone, that sufficiently showed the value he attached to his own observations.

“ ‘ *Dejjuned* at ten, as usual, an hour that I find exceedingly unreasonable and improper, and one that would meet with general disapprobation in America. I do not wonder that a people gets to be immoral and depraved in their practices, who keep such improper hours. The mind acquires habits of impurity, and all the sensibilities become blunted, by taking the meals out of the natural seasons. I impute much of the corruption of France to the periods of the day in which the food is taken.—’ ”

“ *Voilà une drole d'idée !* ” ejaculated Mademoiselle Viefville.

“ ‘ —In which food is taken,’ repeated Mr. Dodge, who fancied the involuntary exclamation was in approbation of the justice of his sentiments. ‘ Indeed the custom of taking wine



at this meal, together with the immorality of the hour, must be chief reasons why the French ladies are so much in the practice of drinking to excess.’”

“ *Mais, monsieur !* ”

“ You perceive, mademoiselle calls in question the accuracy of your facts,” observed Mr. Blunt, who, in common with all the listeners, Sir George and Mr. Monday excepted, began to enjoy a scene which at first had promised nothing but *ennui* and disgust.

“ I have it on the best authority, I give you my honour, or I would not introduce so grave a charge in a work of this contemplated importance. I obtained my information from an English gentleman who has resided twelve years in Paris ; and he informs me that a very large portion of the women of fashion in that capital, let them belong to what country they will, are dissipated.”

“ *A la bonne heure, monsieur ! — mais,* to drink, it is very different.”

“ Not so much so, mademoiselle, as you imagine,” rejoined John Effingham. “ Mr.

Dodge is a purist in language as well as in morals, and he uses terms differently from us less-instructed prattlers. By dissipated, he understands a drunkard."

" *Comment !*"

" Certainly ; Mr. John Effingham, I presume, will at least give us the credit in America of speaking our language better than any other known people. ' After dejjunying, took a *phy-acre* and rode to the palace, to see the king and royal family leave for Nully.—"

" *Pour où ?*"

" *Pour Neuilly, mademoiselle,*" Eve quietly answered.

" ' —For Nully. His majesty went on horseback, preceding his illustrious family and all the rest of the noble party, dressed in a red coat, laced with white on the seams, wearing blue breeches and a cocked hat.'"

" *Ciel !*"

" ' I made the king a suitable republican reverence as he passed, which he answered with a gracious smile, and a benignant glance of his

royal eye. The Hon. Louis Philippe Orleans, the present sovereign of the French, is a gentleman of portly and commanding appearance, and in his state attire, which he wore on this occasion, looks 'every inch a king.' He rides with grace and dignity, and sets an example of decorum and gravity to his subjects, by the solemnity of his air, that it is to be hoped will produce a beneficial and benign influence during this reign, on the manners of the nation. His dignity was altogether worthy of the schoolmaster of Haddenfield.' "

" *Par exemple !* "

" Yes, mam'selle, in the way of example, it is that I mean. Although a pure democrat, and every way opposed to exclusion, I was particularly struck with the royalty of his majesty's demeanour, and the great simplicity of his whole deportment. I stood in the crowd next to a very accomplished countess, who spoke English, and she did me the honour to invite me to pay her a visit at her hotel, in the vicinity of the Bourse."

“ *Mon Dieu — mon Dieu— mon Dieu!* ”

“ After promising my fair companion to be punctual, I walked as far as Notter Dam— ”

“ — I wish Mr. Dodge would be a little more distinct in his names,” said Mademoiselle Viefville, who had begun to take an interest in the subject, that even valueless opinions excite in us concerning things that touch the affections.

“ Mr. Dodge is a little profane, mademoiselle,” observed the captain ; “ but his journal probably was not intended for the ladies, and you must overlook it. Well, sir, you went to that naughty place — ”

“ To Notter Dam, Captain Truck, if you please, and I flatter myself that is pretty good French.”

“ I think, ladies and gentlemen, we have a right to insist on a translation ; for plain roast and boiled men, like Mr. Monday and myself, are sometimes weeping when we ought to laugh, so long as the discourse is in anything but old-fashioned English. Help yourself, Mr. Monday, and remember, you *never* drink.”

“ *Notter Dam*, I believe, mam’selle, means

our Mother; the Church of our Mother.—Notter, or Noster, our,—Dam, Mother: Notter Dam. ‘Here I was painfully impressed with the irreligion of the structure, and the general absence of piety in the architecture. Idolatry abounded and so did holy water. How often have I occasion to bless Providence for having made me one of the descendants of those pious ancestors who cast their fortunes in the wilderness in preference to giving up their hold on faith and charity! The building is much inferior in comfort and true taste to the commoner American churches, and met with my unqualified disapprobation.’ ”

“Est il possible que cela soit vrai, ma chère !”

“Je l’espère, bien, mademoiselle.”

“You may *despair bien*, cousin Eve,” said John Effingham, whose fine curvilinear face curled even more than usual with contempt.

The ladies whispered a few explanations, and Mr. Dodge, who fancied it was only necessary to resolve to be perfect to achieve his end, went on with his comments, with all the self-satisfaction of a provincial critic.

“ ‘ From Notter Dam I proceeded in a *cabrioly* to the great national burying-ground, Pere la Chaise, so termed from the circumstance that its distance from the capital renders chaises necessary for the *convoys*—’ ”

“ How ’s this, how ’s this ! ” interrupted Mr. Truck ; “ is one obliged to sail under a convoy about the streets of Paris ? ”

“ Monsieur Dodge veut dire, convoi. Mr. Dodge means to say, *convoi*,” kindly interposed Mademoiselle Viefville.

“ Mr. Dodge is a profound republican, and is an advocate for rotation in language, as well as in office : I must accuse you of inconstancy, my dear friend, if I die for it. You certainly do not pronounce your words always in the same way, and when I had the honour of carrying you out this time six months, when you were practising the continentals, as you call them, you gave very different sounds to many of the words I then had the pleasure and gratification of hearing you use.”

“ We all improve by travelling, sir, and I make no question that my knowledge of



foreign languages is considerably enlarged by practice in the countries in which they are spoken.”

Here the reading of the journal was interrupted by a long digression on language, in which Messrs. Dodge, Monday, Templemore, and Truck, were the principal interlocutors, and during which the pitcher of punch was twice renewed. We shall not record much of this learned discussion, which was singularly common-place, though a few of the remarks may be given as a specimen of the whole.

“I must be permitted to say,” replied Mr. Monday to one of Mr. Dodge’s sweeping claims to superiority in favour of his own nation, “that I think it quite extraordinary an Englishman should be obliged to go out of his own country in order to hear his own language spoken in purity, and as one who has seen your people, Mr. Dodge, I will venture to affirm that nowhere is English better spoken than in Lancashire. Sir George, I drink your health !”

“More patriotic than just, Mr. Monday ; everybody allows that the American of the

eastern states speaks the best English in the world, and I think either of these gentlemen will concede that."

"Under the penalty of being nobody," cried Captain Truck, "for my own part, I think, if a man wishes to hear the language in perfection, he ought to pass a week or ten days in the river. I must say, Mr. Dodge, I object to many of your sounds, particularly that of *ingon*, which I myself heard you call *onion*, no later than yesterday."

"Mr. Monday is a little peculiar in fancying that the best English is to be met with in Lancashire," observed Sir George Templemore; "for I do assure you that, in town, we have difficulty in understanding gentlemen from your part of the kingdom."

This was a hard cut from one in whom Mr. Monday expected to find an ally, and that gentleman was driven to washing down the discontent it excited, in punch.

"But all this time we have interrupted the *convoi*, or *convoy*, captain," said Mr. Sharp; "and Mr. Dodge, to say nothing of the

mourners, has a right to complain. I beg that gentleman will proceed with his entertaining extracts."

Mr. Dodge hemmed, sipped a little more liquor, blew his nose, and continued :

" 'The celebrated cemetery, is, indeed, worthy of its high reputation. The utmost republican simplicity prevails in the interments, ditches being dug in which the bodies are laid, side by side, without distinction of rank, and with regard only to the order in which the convoys arrive.' I think this sentence, gentlemen, will have great success in America, where the idea of any exclusiveness is quite outdone to the majority."

"Well, for my part," said the captain, "I should have no particular objection to being excluded from such a grave: one would be afraid of catching<sup>1</sup> the cholera in so promiscuous a company."

Mr. Dodge turned over a few leaves, and gave other extracts.

" 'The last six hours have been devoted to a profound investigation of the fine arts. My

first visit was to the *gullyteen*; after which I passed an instructive hour or two in the galleries of the Musy.'—"

" Où, donc ?"

" Le Musée, mademoiselle."

" —' Where I discovered several very extraordinary things, in the way of sculpture and painting. I was particularly struck with the manner in which a plate was portrayed in the celebrated marriage of Cana, which might very well have been taken for real Delft, and there was one finger on the hand of a lady that seemed actually fitted to receive and to retain the hymeneal ring."

" Did you inquire if she were engaged?—Mr. Monday, we will drink her health."

" ' Saint Michael and the Dragon is a *shef-dowvry*.—' "

" A quoi ?"

" Un chef-d'œuvre, mademoiselle."

" —' The manner in which the angel holds the dragon with his feet, looking exactly like a worm trodden on by the foot of a child, is exquisitely plaintive and interesting. In-

deed these touches of nature abound in the works of the old masters, and I saw several fruit-pieces that I could have eaten. One really gets an appetite by looking at many things here, and I no longer wonder that a Raphael, a Titian, a Correggio, a Guide-o.'—"

"Un qui?"

"Un Guido, mademoiselle."

"Or a Cooley."

"And pray who may he be?" asked Mr. Monday.

"A young genius in Dodgetown, who promises one day to render the name of an American illustrious. He has painted a new sign for the store, that in its way is quite equal to the marriage of Cana. 'I have stood with tears over the despair of a Niobe,' " continuing to read, "'and witnessed the contortions of the snakes in the Laocoon with a convulsive eagerness to clutch them, that has made me fancy I could hear them hiss.' That sentence, I think, will be likely to be noticed even in the New-Old-New-Yorker, one of the very best reviews of our days, gentlemen."



“ Take a little more punch, Mr. Dodge,” put in the attentive captain ; “ this grows affecting, and needs alleviation, as Saunders would say. Mr. Monday, you will get a bad name for being too sober, if you never empty your glass. Proceed, in the name of Heaven ! Mr. Dodge.”

“ ‘ In the evening I went to the Grand Opery.’—”

“ OÙ, donc ?”

“ Au grand Hoppery, mademoiselle,” replied John Effingham.

“ —‘ To the *Grand Opery*,’ ” resumed Mr. Dodge, with emphasis, whose eyes began to glisten by this time ; for he had often applied to the punch for inspiration, “ ‘ where I listened to music that is altogether inferior to that which we enjoy in America, especially at the general trainings, and on the Sabbath. The want of science was conspicuous ; and if *this* be music, then do I know nothing about it.’ ”

“ A judicious remark !” exclaimed the captain. “ Mr. Dodge has great merit as a writer, for he loses no occasion to illustrate



his opinions by the most unanswerable facts. He has acquired a taste for Zip Coon and Long Tail Blue, and it is no wonder he feels a contempt for your inferior artists."

" 'As for the dancing,' " continued the editor of the Active Inquirer, " 'it is my decided impression that nothing can be worse. The movement was more suited to a funeral than the ball-room, and I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is not an assembly in all America in which a *cotillion* would not be danced in one-half the time that one was danced in the *bally* to-night.' "

" Dans le quoi ? "

" I believe I have not given the real Parisian pronunciation to this word, which the French call *ballay*," continued the reader with great candour.

" Belay, or make all fast, as we say on ship-board. Mr. Dodge, as master of this vessel, I beg to return you the united, or as Saunders would say, the condensed thanks of the passengers, for this information; and next Saturday we look for a renewal of the

pleasure. The ladies are getting to be sleepy, I perceive, and as Mr. Monday *never* drinks and the other gentlemen have finished their punch, we may as well retire, to get ready for a hard day's work to-morrow."

Captain Truck made this proposal, because he saw that one or two of the party were *ple-num punch*, and that Eve and her companion were becoming aware of the propriety of retiring. It was also true that he foresaw the necessity of rest, in order to be ready for the exertions of the morning.

After the party had broke up, which it did very contrary to the wishes of Messrs. Dodge and Monday, Mademoiselle Viefville passed an hour in the state-room of Miss Effingham, during which time she made several very superogatory complaints of the manner in which the editor of the Active Inquirer had viewed things in Paris, besides asking a good many curious questions concerning his occupation and character.

"I am not quite certain, my dear mademoiselle, that I can give you a very learned

description of the animal you think worthy of all these questions, but, by the aid of Mr. John Effingham's information, and a few words that have fallen from Mr. Blunt, I believe it ought to be something as follows:—America once produced a very distinguished philosopher, named Franklin—”

“Comment ma chère ! Tout le monde le connait !”

“—This Monsieur Franklin commenced life as a printer ; but living to a great age, and rising to high employments, he became a philosopher in morals, as his studies had made him one in physics. Now, America is full of printers, and most of them fancy themselves Franklins, until time and failures teach them discretion.”

“*Mais* the world has not seen but *un seul* Franklin !”

“Nor is it likely to see another very soon. In America the young men are taught, justly enough, that by merit they may rise to the highest situations ; and, always according to Mr. John Effingham, too many of them fancy that because they are at liberty to turn any

high qualities they may happen to have to account, that they are actually fit for anything. Even he allows that this peculiarity of the country does much good, but he maintains that it also does much harm, by causing pretenders to start up in all directions. Of this class he describes Mr. Dodge to be. This person, instead of working at the mechanical part of a press, to which he was educated, has the ambition to control its intellectual, and thus edits the *Active Inquirer*."

"It must be a very useful journal!"

"It answers his purposes, most probably. He is full of provincial ignorance, and provincial prejudices, you perceive; and, I dare say, he makes his paper the circulator of all these, in addition to the personal rancour, envy, and uncharitableness, that usually distinguish pretension, that mistakes itself for ambition. My Cousin Jack affirms that America is filled with such as he."

"And, Monsieur Effingham?"

"Oh! my dear father is all mildness and charity, you know, mademoiselle, and he only

looks at the bright side of the picture, for he maintains that a great deal of good results from the activity and elasticity of such a state of things. While he confesses to a great deal of downright ignorance that is paraded as knowledge; to much narrow intolerance that is offensively prominent in the disguise of principle, and a love of liberty; and to vulgarity and personalities that wound all taste, and every sentiment of right, he insists on it that the main result is good."

"In such a case there is need of an umpire. You mentioned the opinion of Mr. Blunt. *Comme ce jeune homme parle bien Français!*"

Eve hesitated, and she changed colour slightly, before she answered.

"I am not certain that the opinion of Mr. Blunt ought to be mentioned in opposition to those of my father and Cousin Jack, on such a subject," she said. "He is very young, and it is, now, quite questionable whether he is even an American at all."

"*Tant mieux, ma chère.* He has been much in the country, and it is not the



native that makes the best judge, when the stranger has many opportunities of seeing."

"On this principle, mademoiselle, you are, then, to give up your own judgment about France, on all those points in which I have the misfortune to differ from you," said Eve laughing.

"Pas tout à fait," returned the governess, good-humouredly. "Age and experience must pass *pour quelque chose*. Et Monsieur Blunt ?—"

"Monsieur Blunt leans nearer to the side of Cousin Jack, I fear, than to that of my dear, dear father. He says men of Mr. Dodge's character, propensities, malignancy, intolerance, ignorance, vulgarity, and peculiar vices abound in and about the American press. He even insists that they do an incalculable amount of harm, by influencing those who have no better sources of information; by setting up low jealousies and envy in the place of principle and the right; by substituting,—I use his own words, mademoi-



selle," said Eve, blushing with the consciousness of the fidelity of her memory—"by substituting uninstructed provincial notions for true taste and liberality; by confounding the real principles of liberty with personal envies, and the jealousies of station; and by losing sight entirely of their duties to the public, in the effort to advance their own interests. He says that the government is in truth a *press-ocracy*, and a *press-ocracy*, too, that has not the redeeming merit of either principles, tastes, talents, or knowledge."

"Ce Monsieur Blunt has been very explicit, and *suffisamment eloquent*," returned Mademoiselle Viefville gravely; for the prudent governess did not fail to observe that Eve used language so very different from that which was habitual to her, as to make her suspect she quoted literally. For the first time the suspicion was painfully awakened, that it was her duty to be more vigilant in relation to the intercourse between her charge and the two agreeable young men whom accident had given them as

fellow-passengers. After a short but musing pause, she again adverted to the subject of their previous conversation.

“Ce Monsieur Dodge, est il ridicule !”

“On that point at least, my dear mademoiselle, there can be no mistake. And yet Cousin Jack insists that this stuff will be given to his readers, as views of Europe worthy of their attention.”

“Ce conte du roi ! mais, c’est trop fort !”

“With the coat laced at the seams, and the cocked hat !”

“Et l’honorable Louis Philippe d’Orleans !”

“Orleans, mademoiselle ; d’Orleans would be anti-republican.”

Then the two ladies sat looking at each other a few moments in silence, when both, although of a proper *retinue* of manner in general, burst into a hearty and long-continued fit of laughter. Indeed, so long did Eve, in the buoyancy of her young spirits, and her keen perception of the ludicrous, indulge herself, that her fair hair fell about her rosy cheeks, and her bright eyes fairly danced with delight.

## CHAPTER IV.

And there he went ashore without delay,  
Having no custom-house or quarantine,—  
To ask him awkward questions on the way  
About the time and place where he had been.

BYRON.

CAPTAIN TRUCK was in a sound sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. With the exception of the ladies, the others soon followed his example; and as the people were excessively wearied, and the night was so tranquil, ere long only a single pair of eyes were open on deck: those of the man at the wheel. The wind died away, and even this worthy was not innocent of nodding at his post.

Under such circumstances, it will occasion

no great surprise that the cabin was aroused next morning with the sudden and startling information that the land was close aboard the ship. Every one hurried on deck, where, sure enough, the dreaded coast of Africa was seen, with a palpable distinctness, within two miles of the vessel. It presented a long broken line of sand-hills, unrelieved by a tree, or by so few as almost to merit this description, and with a hazy back-ground of remote mountains to the north-east. The margin of the actual coast nearest to the ship was indented with bays; and even rocks appeared in places; but the general character of the scene was that of a fierce and burning sterility. On this picture of desolation all stood gazing in awe and admiration for some minutes, as the day gradually brightened, until a cry arose from forward, of "a ship."

"Whereaway?" sternly demanded Captain Truck; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of this dangerous coast had awakened all that was forbidding and severe in the

temperament of the old master ; “ whereaway, sir ? ”

“ On the larboard quarter, sir, and at anchor.”

“ She is ashore ! ” exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at the same instant, just as the words came from the last speaker. The glass soon settled this important point. At the distance of about a league astern of them were, indeed, to be seen the spars of a ship, with the hull looming on the sands, in a way to leave no doubt of her being a wreck. It was the first impresssion of all, that this, at last, was the Foam ; but Captain Truck soon announced the contrary.

“ It is a Swede, or a Dane,” he said, “ by his rig and his model. A stout, solid, compact sea-boat, that is high and dry on the sands, looking as if he had been built there. He does not appear even to have bilged, and most of his sails, and all of his yards, are in their places. Not a living soul is to be seen about her ! Ha ! there are signs of tents made of sails on shore, and broken bales



of goods ! Her people have been seized and carried into the desert, as usual, and this is a fearful hint that we must keep the Montauk off the bottom. Turn-to the people, Mr. Leach, and get up your sheers that we may step our jury-masts at once ; the smallest breeze on the land would drive us ashore, without any after-sail."

While the mates and the crew set about completing the work they had prepared the previous day, Captain Truck and his passengers passed the time in ascertaining all they could concerning the wreck, and the reasons of their being themselves in a position so very different from what they had previously believed.

As respects the first, little more could be ascertained ; she lay absolutely high and dry on a hard sandy beach, where she had probably been cast during the late gale, and sufficient signs were made out by the captain, to prove to him that she had been partly plundered. More than this could not be discovered at that distance, and the work of the



Montauk was too urgent to send a boat manned with her own people to examine. Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Monday, and the servants of the two former, however, volunteering to pull the cutter, it was finally decided to look more closely into the facts, Captain Truck himself taking charge of the expedition. While this is getting ready, a word of explanation will suffice to tell the reader the reason why the Montauk had fallen so much to leeward.

The ship was so near the coast, it was now very obvious she was driven by a current that set along the land, but which, it was probable, had set towards it more in the offing. The imperceptible drift of so many hours of the time between the observation of the previous day and the discovery of the coast, had sufficed to carry the vessel a great distance; and to this simple cause, coupled perhaps with some neglect in the steerage during the past night, was her present situation to be solely attributed. Just at this moment, the little air there was came from

the land, and by keeping her head off shore, Captain Truck entertained no doubt of his being able to escape the calamity that had befallen the other ship in the fury of the gale. A wreck is always a matter of so much interest with mariners, therefore, that taking all these things into view, he had come to the determination we have mentioned, that of examining into the history of the one in sight, so far as circumstances permitted.

The Montauk carried three boats: the launch, a large, safe, and well-constructed craft, which stood in the usual chucks between the foremast and mainmast; a jolly-boat, and a cutter. It was next to impossible to get the first into the water, deprived as the ship was of its mainmast, but the others hanging at davits, one on each quarter, were easily lowered. The packets seldom carry any arms, beyond a light gun to fire signals with, the pistols of the master, and perhaps a fowling-piece or two. Luckily the passengers were better provided: all the gentlemen had pistols, Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge excepted,

if indeed they properly belonged to this category, as Captain Truck would say, and most of them had also fowling pieces. Although a careful examination of the coast with the glasses offered no signs of the presence of any danger from enemies, these arms were all carefully collected, loaded, and deposited in the boats, in order to be prepared for the worst. Provisions and water were also provided, and the party were about to proceed.

Captain Truck and one or two of the adventurers were still on the deck, when Eve, with that strange love of excitement and adventure that often visits the most delicate spirits, expressed an idle regret that she could not make one in the expedition.

“There is something so strange and wild in landing on an African desert,” she said; “and I think a near view of the wreck would repay us, mademoiselle, for the hazard.”

The young men hesitated between their desire to have such a companion, and their doubts of the prudence of the step; but Captain Truck declared there could be no risk,

and Mr. Effingham consenting, the whole plan was altered so as to include the ladies; for there was so much pleasure in varying the monotony of a calm, and escaping the confinement of ship, that everybody entered into the new arrangement with zeal and spirit.

A single whip was rigged on the fore-yard, a chair was slung, and in ten minutes both ladies were floating on the ocean in the cutter: this boat pulled six oars, which were manned by the servants of the two Messrs. Effinghams, Mr. Blunt and Mr. Sharp, together with the two latter gentlemen in person,—Mr. Effingham steered. Captain Truck had the jolly-boat, of which he pulled an oar himself, aided by Saunders, Mr. Monday, and Sir George Templemore; the mates and the regular crew being actively engaged in rigging their jury-mast. Mr. Dodge declined being of the party, feeding himself with the hope that the present would be a favourable occasion to peep into the state-rooms, to run his eye over forgotten letters and papers, and otherwise to increase the general stock of in-

formation of the editor of the Active Inquirer.

“Look to your chains, and see all clear for a run of the anchors, Mr. Leach, should you drift within a mile of the shore,” called out the captain, as they pulled off from the vessel’s side. “The ship is drifting along the land, but the wind you have will hardly do more than meet the send of the sea, which is on shore: should anything go wrong, show an ensign at the head of the jury-stick forward.”

The mate waved his hand, and the adventurers passed away without the sound of the voice. It was a strange sensation to most of those in the boats, to find themselves in their present situation. Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville, in particular, could scarcely credit their senses, when they found the egg-shells that held them heaving and setting like bubbles on those long sluggish swells, which had seemed of so little consequence while in the ship, but which now resembled the heavy respirations of a leviathan. The boats, indeed,



though always gliding onward, impelled by the oars, appeared at moments to be sent helplessly back and forth, like playthings of the mighty deep, and it was some minutes before either obtained a sufficient sense of security to enjoy her situation. As they receded fast from the Montauk, too, their situation seemed still more critical; and with all her sex's love of excitement, Eve heartily repented of her undertaking before they had gone a mile. The gentlemen, however, were all in good spirits, and as the boats kept near each other, Captain Truck enlivening their way with his peculiar wit, and Mr. Effingham, who was influenced by a motive of humanity in consenting to come, being earnest and interested, Eve soon got to entertain other ideas.

As they drew near the end of their little expedition, entirely new feelings got the mastery in the whole party. The solitary and gloomy grandeur of the coasts, the sublime sterility,—for even naked sands may become sublime by their vastness,—the heavy moanings of the ocean on the beach, and the en-



tire spectacle of the solitude, blended as it was with the associations of Africa, time, and the changes of history, united to produce sensations of a pleasing melancholy. The spectacle of the ship, bringing with it the images of European civilization, as it lay helpless and deserted on the sands, too, heightened the effect of all.

This vessel, beyond all question, had been driven up on a sea during the late gale, at a point where the water was of sufficient depth to float her, until within a few yards of the very spot where she now lay; Captain Truck giving the following probable history of the affair.

“On all sandy coasts,” he said, “the return waves that are cast on the beach form a bar, by washing back with them a portion of the particles. This bar is usually within thirty or forty fathoms of the shore, and there is frequently sufficient water within it to float a ship. As this bar, however, prevents the return of all the water, on what is called the under-tow, narrow channels make from point

to point, through which this excess of the element escapes. These channels are known by the appearance of the water over them, the seas breaking less at those particular places than in the spots where the bottom lies nearer to the surface, and all experienced mariners are aware of the fact. No doubt, the unfortunate master of this ship, finding himself reduced to the necessity of running ashore to save the lives of his crew, has chosen such a place, and has consequently forced his vessel where she has remained dry as soon as the sea fell. So worthy a fellow deserved a better fate; for this wreck is not three days old, and yet no signs are to be seen of any who were in that stout ship."

These remarks were made as the crew of the two boats lay on their oars, at a short distance without the line on the water, where the breaking of the sea pointed out the position of the bar. The channel, also, was plainly visible directly astern of the ship, the sea merely rising and falling in it without combining. A short distance to the southward a few

bold black rocks thrust themselves forward, and formed a sort of bay, in which it was practicable to land without risk ; for they had come on the coast in a region where the monotony of the sands, as it appeared when close in, was little relieved by the presence of anything else.

“ If you will keep the cutter just without the breakers, Mr. Effingham,” Captain Truck continued, after standing up awhile and examining the shore, “ I will pull into the channel, and land in yonder bay. If you feel disposed to follow, you may do so by giving the tiller to Mr. Blunt, on receiving a signal to that effect from me. Be steady, gentlemen, at your oars, and look well to the arms on landing, for we are in a knavish part of the world. Should any of the monkeys or ourang-outangs claim kindred with Mr. Saunders, we may find it no easy matter to persuade them to leave us the pleasure of his society.”

The captain made a sign, and the jolly-boat entered the channel. Inclining south, it was seen rising and falling just within the breakers,

and then it was hid by the rocks. In another minute, Mr. Truck, followed by all but Mr. Monday, who stood sentinel at the boat, was on the rocks, making his way towards the wreck. On reaching the latter, he ascended swiftly even to the main cross-trees. Here a long examination of the plain, beyond the bank that hid it from the view of all beneath, succeeded, and then the signal to come on was made to those who were still in the boat.

“ Shall we venture ?” cried Paul Blunt, soliciting an assent by the very manner in which he put the question.

“ What say you, dear father ?”

“ I hope we may not yet be too late to succour some Christian in distress, my child. Take the tiller, Mr. Blunt, and in Heaven’s good name, and for humanity’s sake, let us proceed !”

The boat advanced, Paul Blunt standing erect to steer, his ardour to proceed corrected by apprehensions on account of her precious freight. There was an instant when the ladies trembled, for it seemed as if the light boat

was about to be cast upon the shore, like the froth of the sea that shot past them; but the steady hand of him who steered averted the danger, and in another minute they were floating at the side of the jolly-boat. The ladies got ashore without much difficulty, and stood on the summit of the rocks.

“*Nous voici donc, en Afrique,*” exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville, with that sensation of singularity that comes over all when they first find themselves in situations of extraordinary novelty.

“The wreck—the wreck,” murmured Eve; “let us go to the wreck. There may be a hope of yet saving some wretched sufferer.”

Toward the wreck they all proceeded, after leaving two of the servants to relieve Mr. Monday on his watch.

It was an impressive thing to stand at the side of a ship on the sands of Africa, a scene in which the desolation of an abandoned vessel was heightened by the desolation of a desert. The position of the vessel, which stood nearly erect, imbedded in the sands, rendered it less



difficult than might be supposed for the ladies to ascend to, and to walk her decks, a rude staging having been made already to facilitate the passage. Here the scene became thrice exciting, for it was the very type of a hastily deserted and cherished dwelling.

Before Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville gained the deck, the other party had ascertained that no living soul remained. The trunks, chests, furniture, and other appliances of the cabin, had been rummaged, and many boxes had been raised from the hold, and plundered, a part of their contents still lying scattered on the decks. The ship, however, had been lightly freighted, and the bulk of her cargo, which was salt, was apparently untouched. A Danish ensign was found bent to the halyards, a proof that Captain Truck's original conjecture concerning the character of the vessel was accurate. Her name, too, was ascertained to be the *Carrier*, as translated into English, and she belonged to Copenhagen. More than this it was not easy to ascertain. No papers were found, and her cargo, or as



much of it as remained, was so mixed, and miscellaneous, as Saunders called it, that no plausible guess could be given as to the port where it had been taken in, if indeed it had all been received on board at the same place.

Several of the light sails had evidently been carried off, but all the heavy canvass was left on the yards which remained in their places. The vessel was large, exceedingly strong, as was proved by the fact that she had not bilged in beaching, and apparently well found. Nothing was wanting to launch her into the ocean but machinery and force, and a crew to sail her, when she might have proceeded on her voyage as if nothing unusual had occurred. But such a restoration was hopeless, and this admirable machine, like a man cut off in his youth and vigour, had been cast upon the shores of this inhospitable region, to moulder where it lay, unless broken up for the wood and iron by the wanderers of the desert.

There was no object more likely to awaken melancholy ideas in a mind resembling that of Captain Truck's than a spectacle of this

nature. A fine ship, complete in nearly all her parts, virtually uninjured, and yet beyond the chance of further usefulness, in his eyes was a picture of the most cruel loss. He cared less for the money it had cost than for the qualities and properties that were thus destroyed.

He examined the bottom, which he pronounced capital for stowing, and excellent as that of a sea-boat; he admired the fastenings; applied his knife to try the quality of the wood, and pronounced the Norway pine of the spars to be almost equal to anything that could be found in our own southern woods. The rigging, too, he regarded as one loves to linger over the regretted qualities of a deceased friend.

The tracks of camels and horses were abundant on the sands around the ship, and especially at the bottom of the rude staging by which the party had ascended, and which had evidently been hastily made in order to carry articles from the vessel to the backs of the animals that were to bear them into the desert.

The foot-prints of men were also to be seen, and there was a startling and mournful certainty in distinguishing the marks of shoes as well as those of the naked foot.

Judging from all these signs, Captain Truck was of opinion the wreck must have taken place but two or three days before, and that the plunderers had not left the spot many hours.

“ They probably went off with what they could carry at sunset last evening, and there can be no doubt that before many days, they, or others in their places, will be back again. God protect the poor fellows who have fallen into this miserable bondage! What an occasion would there now be to rescue one of them, should he happen to be hid near this spot !”

The idea seized the whole party at once, and all eagerly turned to examine the high bank, which rose nearly to the summit of the masts, in the hope of discovering some concealed fugitive. The gentlemen went below again, and Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt called out in German, and English, and French, to

invite any one who might be secreted to come forth. No sound answered these friendly calls. Again Captain Truck went aloft to look into the interior, but he beheld nothing more than the broad and unpeopled desert.

A place where the camels had descended to the beach was at no great distance, and thither most of the party proceeded, mounting to the level of the plain beyond. In this little expedition, Paul Blunt led the advance, and as he rose over the brow of the bank, he cocked both barrels of his fowling-piece, uncertain what might be encountered. They found, however, a silent waste, almost without vegetation, and nearly as trackless as the ocean that lay behind them. At the distance of a hundred rods an object was just discernible, lying on the plain half-buried in the sand, and thither the young men expressed a wish to go, first calling to those in the ship to send a man aloft to give the alarm, in the event of any party of the Mussulmans being seen. Mr. Effingham, too, on being told their intention, had the pre-

caution to cause Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville to get into the cutter, which he manned, and caused to pull out over the bar, where he lay waiting the issue.

A camel's path, of which the tracks were nearly obliterated by the sands, led to the object, and after toiling along it, the adventurers soon reached the desired spot. It proved to be the body of a man who had died by violence. His dress and person denoted that of a passenger rather than that of a seaman, and he had evidently been dead but a very few hours, probably not twelve. The cut of a sabre had cleft his skull. Agreeing not to acquaint the ladies with this horrible discovery, the body was hastily covered with the sand, the pockets of the dead man having been first examined ; for, contrary to usage, his person had not been stripped. A letter was found, written by a wife to her husband, and nothing more. It was in German, and its expressions and contents, though simple, were endearing and natural. It spoke of the traveller's re-



turn; for she who wrote it little thought of the miserable fate that awaited her beloved in this remote desert.

As nothing else was visible, the party returned hastily to the beach, where they found that Captain Truck had ended his investigations, and was impatient to return. In the interest of the scene the Montauk had disappeared behind a headland, towards which she had been drifting when they left her. Her absence created a general sense of loneliness, and the whole party hastened into the jolly-boat, as if fearful of being left. When without the bar again, the cutter took in her proper crew, and the boats pulled away, leaving the Dane standing on the beach in his solitary desolation—a monument of his own disaster.

As they got further from the land the Montauk came in sight again, and Captain Truck announced the agreeable intelligence that the jury mainmast was up, and that the ship had after-sail set, diminutive and defective as it might be. Instead of heading to the southward, however, as heretofore, Mr. Leach was

apparently endeavouring to get back again to the northward of the headland that had shut in the ship, or was trying to retrace his steps. Mr. Truck rightly judged that this was proof his mate disliked the appearance of the coast astern of him, and that he was anxious to get an offing. The captain in consequence urged his men to row, and in little more than an hour the whole party were on the deck of the Montauk again, and the boats were hanging at the davits.

## CHAPTER V.

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement.

*Tempest.*

IF Captain Truck distrusted the situation of his own ship when he saw that the mate had changed her course, he liked it still less after he was on board, and had an opportunity to form a more correct judgment. The current had set the vessel not only to the southward, but in-shore, and the send of the ground-swell was gradually, but inevitably, heaving her in towards the land. At this point the coast was more broken than at the spot where the Dane had been wrecked, some signs of trees appearing, and rocks running off in irregular reefs into the sea. More to

the south, these rocks were seen without the ship, while directly astern they were not half a mile distant. Still the wind was favourable, though light and baffling, and Mr. Leach had got up every stitch of canvass that circumstances would at all allow; the lead, too, had been tried, and the bottom was found to be a hard sand mixed with rocks, and the depth of the water such as to admit of anchoring. It was a sign that Captain Truck did not absolutely despair after ascertaining all these facts, that he caused Mr. Saunders to be summoned; for as yet, none of those who had been in the boats had breakfasted.

“Step this way, Mr. Steward,” said the captain; “and report the state of the coppers. You were rummaging, as usual, among the lockers of yonder unhappy Dane, and I desire to know what discoveries you have made! You will please to recollect, that on all public expeditions of this nature, there must be no peculation or private journal kept. Did you see any stock-fish?”

“Sir, I should deem this ship disgraced

by the admission into her pantry of such an article, sir. We have tongues and sounds in plenty, Captain Truck, and no gentleman that has such diet, need ambition a stock-fish?"

"I am quite of your way of thinking; but the earth is not made of stock-fish. Did you happen to fall in with any butter?"

"Some, sir; that is scarcely fit to slush a mast with, and I do think, one of the most atrocious cheeses, sir, it was ever my bad fortune to meet with. I do not wonder the Africans left the wreck."

"You followed their example, of course, Mr. Saunders, and left the cheese."

"I followed my own judgment, sir, for I would not stay in a ship with such a cheese, Captain Truck, sir, even to have the honour of serving under so great a commander as yourself. I think it no wonder that vessel was wrecked! Even the sharks would abandon her. The very thoughts of her impurities, sir, makes me feel unsettled in the stomach."

The captain nodded his head in approba-



tion of this sentiment, called for a coal, and then ordered breakfast. The meal was silent, thoughtful, and even sad ; every one was thinking of the poor Danes and their sad fate, while they who had been on the plain had the additional subject of the murdered man for their contemplation.

“ Is it possible to do nothing to redeem these poor people, father, from captivity ? ” Eve at length demanded.

“ I have been thinking of this, my child ; but I see no other method than to acquaint their government of their situation.”

“ Might we not contribute something from our own means to that effect ? Money, I fancy, is the chief thing necessary.”

The gentlemen looked at each other in approbation, though a reluctance to be the first to speak kept most of them silent.

“ If a hundred pounds, Miss Effingham, will be useful,” Sir George Templemore said, after the pause had continued an awkward minute, laying a bank-note of that amount on the table, “ and you will honour us by becoming

the keeper of the redemption money, I have great pleasure in making the offer."

This was handsomely said, and as Captain Truck afterwards declared, handsomely done too, though it was a little abrupt, and caused Eve to hesitate and redden.

"I shall accept your gift, sir," she said; "and with your permission will transfer it to Mr. Effingham, who will better know what use to put it to, in order to effect our benevolent purpose. I think I can answer for as much more from himself."

"You may, with certainty, my dear,—and twice as much, if necessary. John, this is a proper occasion for your interference."

"Put me down at what you please," said John Effingham, whose charities in a pecuniary sense were as unlimited, as in feeling they were apparently restrained. "One hundred, or one thousand, to rescue that poor crew!"

"I believe, sir, we must all follow so good an example," Mr. Sharp observed; "and I sincerely hope that this scheme will not prove

useless. I think it may be effected by means of some of the public agents at Mogadore."

Mr. Dodge raised many objections, for it really exceeded his means to give so largely, and his character was formed in a school too envious and jealous to confess an inferiority on a point even as worthless as that of money. Indeed, he had so long been accustomed to maintain that "one man was as good as another," in opposition to his senses, that, like most of those who belong to this impracticable school, he had tacitly admitted in his own mind, the general and vulgar ascendancy of mere wealth; and, quite as a matter of course, he was averse to confessing his own inferiority on a point that he had made to be all in all, while loudest in declaiming against any inferiority whatever. He walked out of the cabin, therefore, with strong heart-burnings and jealousies, because others had presumed to give that which it was not really in his power to bestow.

On the other hand, both Mademoiselle Vieffville and Mr. Monday manifested the supe-

riority of the opinions in which they had been trained. The first quietly handed a Napoleon to Mr. Effingham, who took it with as much attention and politeness as he received any of the larger contributions; while the latter produced a five-pound note, with a hearty good-will that redeemed the sin of many a glass of punch in the eyes of his companions.

Eve did not dare to look towards Paul Blunt, while this collection was making; but she felt regret that he did not join in it. He was silent and thoughtful, and even seemed pained, and she wondered if it were possible that one, who certainly lived in a style to prove that his income was large, could be so thoughtless as to have deprived himself of the means of doing that which he so evidently desired to do. But most of the company was too well-bred to permit the matter to become the subject of conversation, and they soon rose from table in a body. The mind of Eve, however, was greatly relieved when her father told her that the young man had put a hun-

dred sovereigns in gold into his hands as soon as possible, and that he had seconded this offering with another, of embarking for Mogadore in person, should they get into the Cape de Verdes, or the Canaries, with a view of carrying out the charitable plan with the least delay.

“He is a noble-hearted young man,” said the pleased father, as he communicated this fact to his daughter and cousin; “and I shall not object to the plan.”

“If he offer to quit this ship one minute sooner than is necessary, he does, indeed, deserve a statue of gold,” said John Effingham; “for it has all that can attract a young man like him, and all too that can awaken his jealousy.”

“Cousin Jack!” exclaimed Eve reproachfully, quite thrown off her guard by the abruptness and plainness of this language.

The quiet smile of Mr. Effingham proved that he understood both, but he made no remark. Eve instantly recovered her spirits, and angry at herself for the girlish exclamation.



tion that had escaped her, she turned on her assailant. "I do not know that I ought to be seen in an aside with Mr. John Effingham," she said, "even when it is sanctioned with the presence of my own father."

"And may I ask why so much sudden reserve, my offended beauty?"

"Merely that the report is already active, concerning the delicate relation in which we stand towards each other."

John Effingham looked surprised, but he suppressed his curiosity from a long habit of affecting an indifference he did not always feel. The father was less dignified, for he quietly demanded an explanation.

"It would seem," returned Eve, assuming a solemnity suited to a matter of interest, "that our secret is discovered. While we were indulging our curiosity about this unfortunate ship, Mr. Dodge was gratifying the laudable industry of the Active Inquirer, by prying into our state-rooms."

"This meanness is impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham.

“Nay,” said John, “no meanness is impossible to a demagogue,—a pretender to things of which he has even no just conception,—a man who lives to envy and traduce; in a word, a *quasi* gentleman. Let us hear what Eve has to say.”

“My information is from Ann Sidley, who saw him in the act. Now the kind letter you wrote my father, Cousin Jack, just before we left London, and which you wrote because you would not trust that honest tongue of yours to speak the feelings of that honest heart, is the subject of my daily study; not on account of its promises, you will believe me, but on account of the strong affection it displays to a girl who is not worthy of one half you feel and do for her.”

“Pshaw!”

“Well, let it then be pshaw! I had read that letter this very morning, and carelessly left it on my table. This letter Mr. Dodge, in his undying desire to lay everything before the public, as becomes his high vocation, and as in duty bound, has read; and misconstruing

some of the phrases, as will sometimes happen to a zealous circulator of news, he has drawn the conclusion that I am to be made a happy woman as soon as we reach America, by being converted from Miss Eve Effingham into Mrs. John Effingham."

"Impossible! No man can be such a fool, or quite so great a miscreant!"

"I should rather think, my child," added the milder father, "that injustice has been done Mr. Dodge. No person, in the least approximating to the station of a gentleman, could even think of an act as base so this you name."

"Oh! if this be all your objection to the tale," observed the cousin, "I am ready to swear to its truth. But Eve has caught a little of Captain Truck's spirit of mystifying, and is determined to make a character by a bold stroke in the beginning. She is clever, and in time may rise to be a quiz."

"Thank you for the compliment, Cousin Jack, which, however, I am forced to disclaim, as I never was more serious in my life. That the letter was read, Nanny, who is truth itself,

affirms she saw. That Mr. Dodge has since been industriously circulating the report of my great good fortune, she has heard from the mate, who had it from the highest source of information direct, and that such a man would be likely to come to such a conclusion, you have only to recall the terms of the letter yourself, to believe."

"There is nothing in my letter to justify any notion so silly."

"An Active Inquirer might make discoveries you little dream of, dear Cousin Jack. You speak of its being time to cease roving, of settling yourself at last, of never parting, and, prodigal as you are, of making Eve the future mistress of your fortune. Now to all this, recreant, confess, or I shall never again put faith in man."

John Effingham made no answer, but the father warmly expressed his indignation, that any man of the smallest pretensions to be admitted among gentlemen, should be guilty of an act so base.

"We can hardly tolerate his presence, John,

and it is almost a matter of conscience to send him to Coventry."

"If you entertain such notions of decorum, your wisest way, Edward, will be to return to the place whence you have come; for, trust me, you will find scores of such gentlemen where you are going!"

"I shall not allow you to persuade me I know my own country so little. Conduct like this will stamp a man with disgrace in America as well as elsewhere."

"Conduct like this would, but it will no longer. The pell-mell that rages has brought honourable men into a sad minority, and even Mr. Dodge will tell you the majority must rule. Were he to publish my letter, a large portion of his readers would fancy he was merely asserting the liberty of the press. Heavens save us! You have been dreaming abroad, Ned Effingham, while your country has retrograded, in all that is respectable and good, a century in a dozen years!"

As this was the usual language of John Effingham, neither of his listeners thought



much of it, though Mr. Effingham more decidedly expressed an intention to cut off even the slight communication with the offender, he had permitted himself to keep up, since they had been on board.

“ Think better of it, dear father,” said Eve ; “ for such a man is scarcely worthy of even your resentment. He is too much your inferior in principles, manners, character, station, and everything else to render him of so much account ; and then, were we to clear up this masquerade into which the chances of a ship have thrown us, we might have our scruples concerning others, as well as concerning this wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

“ Say rather an ass, shaved and painted to resemble a zebra,” muttered John. “ The fellow has no property as respectable as the basest virtue of a wolf.”

“ He has at least rapacity.”

“ And can howl in a pack. This much, then, I will concede to you ; but I agree with Eve, we must either punish him affirmatively, by pulling his ears, or treat him with con-

tempt, which is always negative or silent. I wish he had entered the state-room of that fine young fellow, Paul Blunt, who is of an age and a spirit to give him a lesson that might make a paragraph for his *Active Inquirer*, if not a scissors' extract of himself."

Eve knew that the offender had been there too, but she had too much prudence to betray him.

"This will only so much the more oblige him," she said, laughingly; "for Mr. Blunt, in speaking of the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, said that he had the failing to believe that this earth, and all it contained, was created merely to furnish materials for newspaper paragraphs."

The gentlemen laughed with the amused Eve, and Mr. Effingham remarked, that "there did seem to be men so perfectly selfish, so much devoted to their own interests, and so little sensible of the rights and feelings of others, as to manifest a desire to render the press superior to all other power; not," he concluded, "in the way of argument, or as an

agent of reason, but as a master, coarse, corrupt, tyrannical and vile; the instrument of selfishness, instead of the right, and when not employed as the promoter of personal interest, to be employed as the tool of personal passions."

"Your father will become a convert to my opinions, Miss Effingham," said John, "and he will not be home a twelvemonth before he will make the discovery that the government is a press-ocracy, and its ministers, self-chosen and usurpers, composed of those who have the least at stake, even to character."

Mr. Effingham shook his head in dissent, but the conversation changed in consequence of a stir in the ship. The air from the land had freshened, and even the heavy canvass on which the Montauk was now compelled principally to rely, had been asleep, as mariners term it, or had blown out from the mast, where it stood inflated and steady, a proof at sea, where the water is always in motion, that the breeze is getting to be fresh. Aided by this power, the ship had overcome the united

action of the heavy ground-swell and of the current, and was stealing out from under the land, when the air murmured for an instant, as if about to blow still fresher, and then all the sails flapped. The wind had passed away like a bird, and a dark line to seaward denoted the approach of the breeze from the ocean. The stir in the vessel was occasioned by the preparations to meet this change.

The new wind brought little with it beyond the general danger of blowing on shore. The breeze was light, and not more than sufficient to force the vessel through the water, in her present condition, a mile and half in the hour, and this too in a line nearly parallel with the coast. Captain Truck saw therefore at a glance, that he should be compelled to anchor. Previously, however, to doing this, he had a long talk with his mates, and a boat was lowered.

The lead was cast, and the bottom was found to be still good, though a hard sand, which is not the best holding ground. "A heavy sea would cause the ship to drag," Cap-

tain Truck remarked, "should it come on to blow, and the lines of dark rocks astern of them would make chips of the Pennsylvania in an hour, were that great ship to lie on it." He entered the boat, and pulled along the reefs to examine an inlet that Mr. Leach reported to have been seen, before he got the ship's head to the northward. Could an entrance be found at this point, the vessel might possibly be carried within the reef, and a favourite scheme of the captain's could be put in force, one to which he now attached the highest importance. A mile brought the boat up to the inlet, where Mr. Truck found the following appearances. The general formation of the coast in sight was that of a slight curvature, within which the ship had so far drifted as to be materially within a line drawn from headland to headland. There was, consequently, little hope of urging a vessel, crippled like the Montauk, against wind, sea and current, out again into the ocean. For about a league abreast of the ship the coast was rocky, though low, the rocks running off from the shore quite a mile



in places, and everywhere fully half that distance. The formation was irregular, but it had the general character of a reef whose position was marked by breakers, as well as by the black heads of rocks that here and there showed themselves above the water. The inlet was narrow, crooked, and so far environed by rocks as to render it questionable whether there was a passage at all, though the smoothness of the water had raised hopes to that effect in Mr. Leach.

As soon as Captain Truck arrived at the mouth of this passage, he felt so much encouraged by the appearances of things that he gave the concerted signal for the ship to ware round and to stand to the southward. This was losing ground in the way of offing, but tack the Montauk could not with so little wind, even if she could now tack with any wind, and the captain saw by the drift she had made since he left her, that promptitude was necessary. The ship might anchor off the inlet, as well as anywhere else, if reduced to

anchoring outside at all, and then there was always the chance of entering.

As soon as the ship's head was again to the southward, and Captain Truck felt certain that she was lying along the reef at a reasonably safe distance, and in as good a direction as he could hope for, he commenced his examination. Like a discreet seaman he pulled off from the rocks to a suitable distance, for should an obstacle occur outside, he well knew any depth of water further in would be useless. The day was so fine, and in the absence of rivers, the ocean so limpid in that low latitude, that it was easy to see the bottom at a considerable depth. But to this sense, of course, the captain did not trust, for he kept the lead going constantly, although all eyes were also employed in searching for rocks.

The first cast of the lead was in five fathoms, and these soundings were held nearly up to the inlet, where the lead struck a rock in three fathoms and a half. At this point, then, a more careful examination was made, but three and a

half was the shallowest cast. As the Montauk drew nearly a fathom less than this, the cautious old master proceeded closer in. Directly in the mouth of the inlet was a large flat rock, that rose nearly to the surface of the sea, and which, when the tide was low, was probably bare. This rock Captain Truck at first believed would defeat his hopes of success, which by this time were strong ; but a closer examination showed him that on one side of it was a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit a ship.

From this spot the channel became crooked, but it was sufficiently marked by the ripple on the reef ; and after a careful investigation, he found it was possible to carry three fathoms quite within the reef, where a large space existed that was gradually filling up with sand, but which was nearly all covered with water when the tide was in, as was now the case, and which had channels, as usual, between the banks. Following one of these channels a quarter of a mile, he found a basin of four fathoms of water, large enough to take a ship

in, and, fortunately, it was in close proximity to a portion of the reef that was nearly always bare, when a heavy sea was not beating over it. Here he dropped a buoy, for he had come provided with several fragments of spars for this purpose; and, on his return, the channel was similarly marked off, at all the critical points. On the flat rock, in the inlet, one of the men was left, standing up to his waist in the water, it being certain that the tide was falling.

The boat now returned to the ship, which it met at the distance of half a mile from the inlet. The current setting southwardly, her progress had been more rapid than when heading north, and her drift had been less towards the land. Still there was so little wind, so steady a ground-swell, and it was possible to carry so little after-sail, that great doubts were entertained of being able to weather the rocks sufficiently to turn into the inlet. Twenty times in the next half hour was the order to let go the anchor, on the point of being given, as the wind baffled, and as often was it coun-

termanded, to take advantage of its reviving. These were feverish moments, for the ship was now so near the reef as to render her situation very insecure in the event of the wind rising, or of a sea getting up, as the sand of the bottom was too hard to make good holding-ground. Still, as there was a possibility of kedging the ship off a mile into the offing, if necessary, in the present state of the weather, Captain Truck stood on with a boldness he might not otherwise have felt. The anchor hung suspended by a single turn of the stopper, ready to drop at a signal, and Mr. Truck stood between the night-heads, watching the slow progress of the vessel, and accurately noticing every foot of leeward set she made, as compared with the rocks.

All this time the poor fellow stood in the water, awaiting the arrival of his friends, who, in their turn, were anxiously watching his features, as they gradually grew more distinct.

“I see his eyes,” cried the captain cheerily; “take a drag at the bowlines, and let her head up as much as she will, Mr. Leach, and never



mind those sham topsails. Take them in at once, sir; they do us, now, more harm than good."

The clewline blocks rattled, and the top-gallant sails, which were made to do the duty of top-sails, but which would hardly spread to the lower yards, so as to set on a wind, came rapidly in. Five minutes of intense doubt followed, when the captain gave the animating order to—

"Man the main-clew garnets, boys, and stand by to make a run of it!"

This was understood to be a sign that the ship was far enough to windward, and the command to "in main-sail," which soon succeeded, was received with a shout.

"Hard up with the helm, and stand by to lay the fore-yard square," cried Captain Truck, rubbing his hands. "Look that both bowers are clear for a run; and you, Toast, bring me the brightest coal in the galley."

The movements of the Montauk were necessarily slow; but she obeyed her helm, and fell off until her bows pointed in towards the sailor

in the water. This fine fellow, the moment he saw the ship approaching, waded to the verge of the rock, where it went off perpendicularly to the bottom, and waved to them to come on without fear.

“Come within ten feet of me,” he shouted. “There is nothing to spare on the other side.”

As the captain was prepared for this, the ship was steered accordingly, and as she hove slowly past on the rising and falling water, a rope was thrown to the man, who was hauled on board.

“Port!” cried the captain, as soon as the rock was passed; “port your helm, sir, and stand for the first buoy.”

In this manner the Montauk drove slowly but steadily on, until she had reached the basin, where one anchor was let go almost as soon as she entered. The chain was paid out until the vessel was forced over to some distance, and then the other bower was dropped. The fore-sail was hauled up and handed, and chain was given the ship, which was pronounced to be securely anchored.

“ Now,” cried the captain, all his anxiety ceasing with the responsibility, “ I expect to be made a member of the New York Philosophical Society at least, which is learned company for a man who has never been at college, for discovering a port on the coast of Africa, which harbour, ladies and gentlemen, without too much vanity, I hope to be permitted to call Port Truck. If Mr. Dodge, however, should think this too anti-republican, we will compromise the matter by calling it Port Truck and Dodge ; or the town, that no doubt will sooner or later arise on its banks, may be called Dodgeborough, and I will keep the harbour to myself.”

“ Should Mr. Dodge consent to this arrangement, he will render himself liable to the charge of aristocracy,” said Mr. Sharp ; for as all felt relieved by finding themselves in a place of security, so all felt disposed to join in the pleasantry. “ I dare say his modesty would prevent his consenting to the plan.”

“ Why, gentlemen,” returned the subject of these remarks, “ I do not know that we are to refuse honours that are fairly imposed on

us by the popular voice ; and the practice of naming towns and counties after distinguished citizens, is by no means uncommon with us. A few of my own neighbours have been disposed to honour me in this way already, and my paper is issued from a hamlet that certainly does bear my unworthy name. So, you perceive, there will be no novelty in the appellation."

" I would have made oath to it," cried the captain, " from your well-established humility. Is the place as large as London ?"

" It can boast of little more than my own office, a tavern, a store, and blacksmith's shop, captain, as yet ; but Rome was not built in a day."

" Your neighbours, sir, must be people of extraordinary discernment ; but the name ?"

" That is not absolutely decided. At first it was called Dodgetown, but this did not last long, being thought vulgar and common-place. Six or eight weeks afterwards, we—"

" We, Mr. Dodge !"

" I mean the people, sir, — I am so much

accustomed to connect myself with the people, that whatever they do, I think I had a hand in."

"And very properly, sir," observed John Effingham, "as probably without you, there would have been no people at all."

"What may be the population of Dodge-town, sir?" asked the persevering captain, on this hint.

"At the census of January, it was seventeen; but by the census of March, there were eighteen. I have made a calculation that shows, if we go on at this rate, or by arithmetical progression, it will be a hundred in about ten years, which will be a very respectable population for a country-place. I beg pardon, sir, the people, six or eight weeks afterwards, altered the name to Dodge-borough; but a new family coming in that summer, a party was got up to change it to Dodge-ville, a name that was immensely popular, as ville means city in Latin; but it must be owned the people like change, or rotation in names, as well as in office, and they called the place Butterfield



Hollow, for a whole month, after the new inhabitant, whose name is Butterfield. He moved away in the fall; and so, after trying Belindy, (*Anglice*, Belinda,) Nineveh, Grand Cairo, and Pumpkin Valley, they made me the offer to restore the ancient name, provided some *addendum* more noble and proper could be found than town, or ville, or borough; it is not yet determined what it shall be, but I believe we shall finally settle down in Dodgeople, or Dodgeopolis."

"For the season, and a very good name it will prove for a short cruise, I make no question. The Butterfield Hollow was a little like rotation in office, in truth, sir."

"I didn't like it, captain, so I gave Squire Butterfield to understand, privately; for as he had a majority with him, I didn't approve of speaking too strongly on the subject. As soon as I got him out of the tavern, however, the current set the other way."

"You fairly uncorked him!"

"That I did, and no one ever heard of him, or of his hollow, after his retreat. There are

a few discontented and arrogant innovators, who affect to call the place by its old name of Morton; but these are the mere vassals of a man who once owned the patent, and who has now been dead these forty years. We are not the people to keep his old musty name, or to honour dry bones."

"Served him right, sir, and like men of spirit! If he wants a place called after himself, let him live, like other people. A dead man has no occasion for a name, and there should be a law passed, that when a man slips his cables, he should bequeath his name to some honest fellow who has a worse one. It might be well to compel all great men in particular, to leave their renown to those who cannot get any for themselves."

"I will venture to suggest an improvement on the name, if Mr. Dodge will permit me," said Mr. Sharp, who had been an amused listener to the short dialogue. "Dodgepeople is a little short, and may be offensive by its *brusquerie*. By inserting a single letter, it will become Dodg-people; or, there is the alterna-

tive of Dodge-adrianople, which will be a truly sonorous and republican title. Adrian was an emperor, and even Mr. Dodge might not disdain the conjunction."

By this time, the editor of the *Active Inquirer* began to be extremely elevated—for this was assailing him on his weakest side—and he laughed and rubbed his hands as if he thought the joke particularly pleasant. This person had also a peculiarity of judgment that was singularly in opposition to all his open professions, a peculiarity, however, that belongs rather to his class than to the individual member of it. Ultra as a democrat and an American, Mr. Dodge had a sneaking predilection in favour of foreign opinions. Although practice had made him intimately acquainted with all the frauds, deceptions, and vileness of the ordinary arts of paragraph-making, he never failed to believe religiously in the veracity, judgment, good faith, honesty and talents of anything that was imported in the form of types. He had been weekly, for years, accusing his nearest brother of the craft, of lying,

and he could not be altogether ignorant of his own propensity in the same way ; but, notwithstanding all this experience in the secrets of the trade, whatever reached him from a European journal, he implicitly swallowed whole. One, who knew little of the man, might have supposed he feigned credulity to answer his own purposes ; but this would be doing injustice to his faith, which was perfect, being based on that provincial admiration, and provincial ignorance, that caused the countryman, who went to London for the first time, to express his astonishment at finding the king a man. As was due to his colonial origin, his secret awe and reverence for an Englishman was exactly in proportion to his protestations of love for the people, and his deference for rank was graduated on a scale suited to the heart burning and jealousies he entertained for all whom he felt to be his superiors. Indeed, one was the cause of the other ; for they who really are indifferent to their own social position, are usually equally indifferent to that of others, so long as they are not made to feel

the difference by direct assumptions of superiority.

When Mr. Sharp, whom even Mr. Dodge had discovered to be a gentleman,—and an English gentleman of course,—entered into the trifling of the moment, therefore, so far from detecting the mystification, the latter was disposed to believe himself a subject of interest with this person, against whose exclusiveness and haughty reserve, notwithstanding, he had been making side-hits ever since the ship had sailed. But the avidity with which the Americans of Mr. Dodge's temperament are apt to swallow the crumbs of flattery that fall from the Englishman's table, is matter of history, and the editor himself was never so happy as when he could lay hold of a paragraph to republish, in which a few words of comfort were doled out by the condescending mother to the never-dying faith of the daughter. So far, therefore, from taking umbrage at what had been said, he continued the subject long after the captain had gone to his duty, and with so much perseverance that Paul Blunt, as soon



as Mr. Sharp escaped, took an occasion to compliment that gentleman on his growing intimacy with the refined and single-minded champion of the people. The other admitted his indiscretion; and if the affair had no other consequences, it afforded these two fine young men a moment's merriment, at a time when anxiety had been fast getting the ascendancy over all their more cheerful feelings. When they endeavoured to make Miss Effingham share in the amusement, however, that young lady heard them with gravity; for the meanness of the act, discovered by Nanny Sidley, had indisposed her to treat the subject of their comments with the familiarity of even ridicule. Perceiving this, though unable to account for it, the gentlemen changed the discourse, and all soon became sufficiently grave by contemplating their own condition.

The situation of the Montauk was now certainly one to excite uneasiness in those who were little acquainted with the sea, as well as in those who were. It was very much like that for which Miss Effingham's nurse had pined,

having many rocks and sands in sight, with the land at no great distance. In order that the reader may understand it more clearly, we shall describe it with greater minuteness.

To the westward of the ship lay the ocean, broad, smooth, glittering, but, heaving and setting, with its eternal breathings, which always resembled the respiration of some huge monster. Between the vessel and this waste of water, and within three hundred feet of the first, stretched an irregular line of ripple, dotted here and there with the heads of low naked rocks, marking the presence and direction of the reef. This was all that would interpose between the basin and the raging billows, should another storm occur; but Captain Truck thought this would suffice so far to break the waves as to render the anchorage sufficiently secure. Astern of the ship, however, a rounded ridge of sand began to appear as the tide fell, within forty fathoms of the vessel, and as the bottom was hard, and difficult to get an anchor into it, there was the risk of dragging on this bank. We say that the bottom

was hard, for the reader should know that it is not the weight of the anchor that secures the ship, but the hold its pointed fluke and broad palm get of the ground. The coast itself was distant less than a mile, and the entire basin within the reef was fast presenting spits of sand, as the water fell on the ebb. Still there were many channels, and it would have been possible, for one who knew their windings, to have sailed a ship several leagues among them, without passing the inlet; these channels forming a sort of intricate net-work, in every direction from the vessel.

When Captain Truck had coolly studied all the peculiarities of his position, he set about the duty of securing his ship, in good earnest. The two light boats were brought under the bows, and the stream anchor was lowered, and fastened to a spar that lay across both. This anchor was carried to the bank astern, and, by dint of sheer strength, it was laid over its summit with a fluke buried to the shank in the hard sand. By means of a hawser, and a purchase applied to its end,

the men on the banks next roused the chain out, and shackled it to the ring. The bight was hove-in, and the ship, secured astern, so as to prevent a shift of wind, off the lands, from forcing her on the reef. As no sea could come from this quarter, the single anchor and chain were deemed sufficient for this purpose. As soon as the boats were at liberty, and before the chain had been got ashore, two kedges were carried to the reef, and laid among the rocks, in such a way that their flukes and stocks equally got a hold of the projections. To these kedges lighter chains were secured; and when all the bights were hove-in, to as equal a strain as possible, Captain Truck pronounced his ship in readiness to ride out any gale that would be likely to blow. So far as the winds and waves might affect her, the Montauk was, in truth, reasonably safe; for on the side where danger was most to be apprehended, she had two bowers down, and four parts of smaller chain were attached to the two kedges. Nor had Captain Truck fallen into the common error

of supposing he had so much additional strength in his fastenings, by simply running the chains through the rings, but he had caused each to be separately fastened, both in-board and to the kedges, by which means each length of the chain formed a distinct and independent fastening of itself.

So absolute is the sovereignty of a ship, that no one had presumed to question the master as to his motives for all this extraordinary precaution, though it was the common impression that he intended to remain where they were until the wind became favourable, or at least, until all danger of being thrown upon the coast, from the currents and the ground-swell, should have ceased. Paul Blunt observed, that he fancied it was the intention to take advantage of the smooth water within the reef, to get up a better and more efficient set of jury-masts. But Captain Truck soon removed all doubts by letting the truth be known. While on board the Danish wreck, he had critically examined her spars, sails, and rigging, and, though adapted for a



ship two hundred tons smaller than the Montauk, he was of opinion they might be fitted to the latter vessel, and made to answer all the necessary purposes for crossing the ocean, provided the Mussulmans and the weather would permit the transfer.

“We have smooth water and light airs,” he said, when concluding his explanation, “and the current sets southwardly along this coast; by means of all our force, hard working, a kind Providence, and our own enterprise, I hope yet to see the Montauk enter the port of New York, with royals set, and ready to carry sail on a wind. The seamen who cannot rig his ship with sticks and ropes and blocks enough, might as well stay ashore, Mr. Dodge, and publish an hebdomadal. And so, my dear young lady, by looking along the land, the day after to-morrow, in the northern board here, you may expect to see a raft booming down upon you that will cheer your heart, and once more raise the hope of a Christmas dinner in New York in all lovers of good fare.”

## CHAPTER VI.

Here, in the sands,  
Thee I'll rake up—

*Lear.*

HIS mind made up, his intentions announced, and his ship in readiness, Captan Truck gave his orders to proceed with promptitude and clearness. The ladies remaining behind, he observed that the two Messrs. Effingham, as a matter of course, would stay with them as protectors, though little could harm them where they were.

“I propose to leave the ship in the care of Mr. Blunt,” he said, “for I perceive something about that gentleman which denotes a nautical instinct. If Mr. Sharp choose to remain also, your society will be the more

agreeable, and in exchange, gentlemen, I ask the favour of the strong arms of all your servants. Mr. Monday is my man in fair or foul, and so, I flatter myself, will be Sir George Templemore; and as for Mr. Dodge, if he stay behind, why the Active Inquirer will miss a notable paragraph, for there shall be no historian to the expedition, but one of my own appointing. Mr. Saunders shall have the honour of cooking for you, in the meanwhile, and I propose taking every one else to the Dane."

As no serious objections could be made to this arrangement, within an hour of the time when the ship was fastened, the cutter and jolly-boat departed, it being the intention of Captain Truck to reach the wreck that evening, in season to have his sheers ready to raise by daylight in the morning; for he hoped to be back again in the course of the succeeding day. No time was to be lost, he knew, the return of the Arabs being hourly expected, and the tranquillity of the open sea being at all times a matter of the greatest

uncertainty. With the declared view of making quick work, and with the secret apprehension of a struggle with the owners of the country, the Captain took with him every officer and man in his ship that could possibly be spared, and as many of the passengers as he thought might be useful. Supposing numbers would be important in the way of intimidation, he cared almost as much for appearances as for anything else, or certainly he would not have deemed the presence of Mr. Dodge of any great moment ; for to own the truth, he expected the editor of the *Active Inquirer* would prove the quality implied by the first word of the title of his journal, as much in any other way as in fighting.

Neither provisions nor water, beyond what might be necessary in pulling to the wreck, nor ropes, nor blocks, nor anything but arms and ammunition, were taken in the boats ; for the examination of the morning had shown the captain, that, notwithstanding so much had been plundered, a sufficiency of all still remained in the stranded vessel. Indeed, the

fact that so much had been left was one of his reasons for hastening off himself, as he deemed it certain that they who had taken away what was gone, would soon return for the remainder. The fowling-pieces and pistols, with all the powder and ball in the ship, were taken: a light gun that was on board, for the purpose of awaking sleepy pilots, being left loaded, with the intention of serving for a signal of alarm, should any material change occur in the situation of the ship.

The party included thirty men, and as most had fire-arms of one sort or another, they pulled out of the inlet with spirit and great confidence in their eventual success. The boats were crowded, it is true, but there was room to row, and the launch had been left in its place on deck, because it was known that two boats were to be found in the wreck, one of which was large: in short, as Captain Truck had meditated this expedient from the moment he ascertained the situation of the *Dane*, he now set about carrying it into effect with method and discrimination. We shall first ac-



company him on his way, leaving the small party in the Montauk for our future attention in another chapter.

The distance between the two vessels was about four leagues, and a headland intervening, those in the boats in less than an hour lost sight of their own ship, as she lay shorn of her pride, anchored within the reef. At almost the same moment the wreck came into view, and Captain Truck applied his glass with great interest, in order to ascertain the state of things in that direction. All was tranquil, no signs of any one having visited the spot since morning being visible. This intelligence was given to the people, who pulled at their oars the more willingly under the stimulus of probable success, driving the boats ahead with increasing velocity.

The sun was still some distance above the horizon, when the cutter and jolly-boat rowed through the narrow channel astern of the wreck, and brought up, as before, by the side of the rocks. Leaping ashore, Captain Truck led the way to the vessel, and in five minutes

he was seen in the forward cross-trees, examining the plain with his glass. All was as solitary and deserted as when before seen, and the order was immediately given to commence operations without delay.

A gang of the best seamen got out the spare top-mast and lower-yard of the Dane, and set about fitting a pair of sheers; a job that would be likely to occupy them several hours. Mr. Leach led a party up forward, and the second mate went up with another further aft, each proceeding to send down its respective top-gallant-mast, top-sail-yard, and top-mast; while Captain Truck, from the deck, superintended the same work on the mizen-mast. As the men worked with spirit, and a strong party remained below to give the drags, and to come up the lanyards, spar came down after spar with rapidity, and just as the sun dipped in the ocean to the westward, everything but the lower-masts was lying on the sands, alongside of the ship; nothing having been permitted to touch the decks in descending. Previously,

however, to sending down the lower-yards, the launch had been lifted from its bed and landed also by the side of the vessel.

All hands were now mustered on the sands, and the boat was launched, an operation of some delicacy, as heavy rollers were occasionally coming in. As soon as it floated, this powerful auxiliary was swept up to the rocks, and then the men began to load it with the standing rigging and the sails, the latter having been unbent, as fast as each spar came down. Two kedges were found, and a hawser was bent to one, when the launch was carried outside of the bar and anchored. Lines being brought in, the yards were hauled out to the same place, and strongly lashed together for the night. A great deal of running rigging, many blocks, and divers other small articles, were put into the boats of the Montauk, and the jolly-boat of the wreck, which was still hanging at her stern, was also lowered and got into the water. With these acquisitions, the party had now four boats, one of which was

heavy, and capable of carrying a considerable freight.

By this time it was so late and so dark, that Captain Truck determined to suspend his labours until morning. In the course of a few hours of active toil, he had secured all the yards, the sails, the standing and running rigging, the boats, and many of the minor articles of the *Dane*; and nothing of essential importance remained, but the three lower masts. These, it is true, were all in all to him, for without them he would be but little better off than he was before, since his own ship had spare canvass and spare yards enough to make a respectable show above the foundation. This foundation, however, was the great requisite, and his principal motive in taking the other things, was to have a better fit than could be obtained by using spars and sails that were not intended to go together.

At eight o'clock the people got their suppers, and prepared to turn in for the night. Some conversation passed between Captain Truck and his mates, concerning the manner of dis-

posing of the men while they slept, which resulted in the former keeping a well-armed party of ten with him in the ship, while the remainder were put in the boats, all of which were fastened to the launch, as she lay anchored off the bar. Here they made beds of the sails, and setting a watch, the greater portion of both gangs were soon as quietly asleep as if lying in their own berths on board the Montauk. Not so with Captain Truck and his mates. They walked the deck of the Dane fully an hour after the men were silent, and for some time even after Mr. Monday had finished the bottle of wine he had taken the precaution to bring with him from the packet, and had bestowed his person among some old sails in the cabin. The night was a bright star-light, but the moon was not to be expected until near morning. The wind came off the sands of the interior in hot puffs, but so lightly as to sound, that it breathed past them like the sighings of the desert.

“It is lucky, Mr. Leach,” said the captain, continuing the discourse he had been holding



with his mate in a low voice, under the sense of the insecurity of their situation ; “ it is lucky, Mr. Leach, that we got out the stream anchor astern, else we should have had the ship rubbing her copper against the corners of the rocks. This air seems light, but under all her canvass, the Montauk would soon flap her way out from this coast, if all were ready.”

“ Ay, ay, sir, if all were ready !” repeated Mr. Leach, as if he knew how much honest labour was to be expended before that happy moment could arrive.

“ If all were ready. I think we may be able to whip these three sticks out of this fellow by breakfast-time, in the morning, and then a couple of hours will answer for the raft ; after which, a pull of six or eight more will take us back to our own craft.”

“ If all goes well, it may be done, sir.”

“ Well or ill, it must be done. We are not in a situation to play at jack straws !”

“ I hope it may be done, sir.”

“ Mr. Leach !”

“ Captain Truck !”

“ We are in a d——le category, sir, if the truth must be spoken.”

“ That is a word I am not much acquainted with, but we have an awkward berth of it here, if that be what you mean ?”

A long pause, during which these two seamen, one of whom was old, the other young, paced the deck diligently.

“ Mr. Leach !”

“ Captain Truck !”

“ Do you ever pray ?”

“ I have done such a thing in my time, sir ; but, since I have sailed with you, I have been taught to work first and pray afterwards ; and when the difficulty has been gotten over by the work, the prayers have commonly seemed surplusage.”

“ You should then take to your thanksgivings. I think your grandfather was a parson, Leach.”

“ Yes, he was, sir, and I have been told your father followed the same trade.”

“ You have been told the truth, Mr. Leach.

My father was as meek, and pious, and humble a Christian as ever thumped a pulpit. A poor man, and, if truth must be spoken, a poor preacher too; but a zealous one, and thoroughly devout. I ran away from him at twelve, and never passed a week at a time under his roof afterwards. He could do little for me, for he had little education and no money, and, I believe, carried on the business pretty much by faith. He was a good man, Leach, notwithstanding there might be a little of a take-in for such a person to set up as a teacher; and, as for my mother, if there ever was a pure spirit on earth it was in her body!"

"Ay, that is the way commonly with the mothers, sir."

"She taught me to pray," added the captain, speaking a little thick, "but since I've been in this London line, to own the truth, I find but little time for anything but hard work, until, for want of practice, praying has got to be among the hardest things I can turn my hand to."

“ That is the way with all of us ; it is my opinion, Captain Truck, these London and Liverpool liners will have a good many lost souls to answer for.”

“ Ay, ay, if we could put it on them, it would do well enough ; but my honest old father always maintained, that every man must stand in the gap left by his own sins ; though he did assert, also, that we were all fore-ordained to shape our courses starboard or port, even before we were launched.”

“ That doctrine makes an easy tide’s-way of life ; for I see no great use in a man’s carrying sail and jamming himself up in the wind, to claw off immoralities, when he knows he is to fetch upon them after all his pains.”

“ I have worked all sorts of traverses to get hold of this matter, and never could make anything of it. It is harder than logarithms. If my father had been the only one to teach it, I should have thought less about it, for he was no scholar, and might have been paying it out just in the way of business ; but then my mother believed it, body and soul, and she was

too good a woman to stick long to a course that had not truth to back it."

"Why not believe it heartily, sir, and let the wheel fly? One gets to the end of the v'y'ge on this tack as well as on another."

"There is no great difficulty in working up to or even through the passage of death, Leach, but the great point is to know the port we are to moor in finally. My mother taught me to pray, and when I was ten I had underrun all the Commandments, knew the Lord's Creed, and the Apostles' Prayer, and had made a handsome slant into the Catechism; but, dear me, dear me, it has all oozed out of me, like the warmth from a Greenlander."

"Folks were better educated in your time, Captain Truck, than they are now-a-days, by all I can learn."

"No doubt of that, in the world. In my time, youngers were taught respect for their betters, and for age, and their Catechism, and piety, and the Apostles' Prayer, and all those sort of things. But America has fallen astern sadly in manners, within the last fifty years.



I do not flatter myself with being as good as I was when under my excellent, dear mother's command, but there are worse men in the world, and out of Newgate, too, than John Truck. Now, in the way of vices, Leach, I never swear."

"Not you, sir; and Mr. Monday *never* drinks."

As the protestation of sobriety on the part of their passenger, had got to be a joke with the officers and men of the ship, Captain Truck had no difficulty in understanding his mate, and though nettled at a retort that was like usurping his own right to the exclusive quizzing of the vessel, he was in a mood much too sentimental and reflecting to be angry. After a moment's pause, he resumed the dialogue, as if nothing had been said to disturb its harmony.

"No, I *never* swear; or, if I do, it is in a small gentlemanly way, and with none of your foul-mouthed oaths, such as are used by the horse-jockeys that formerly sailed out of the river."

"Were they hard swearers?"

“ Is a nor'-wester a hard wind ? Those fellows, after they have been chooked off and jammed by the religion ashore for a month or two, would break out like a hurricane when they had made an offing, and were once fairly out of hearing of the parsons and deacons. It is said that old Joe Bunk began an oath on the bar that he did not get to the end of until his brig was off Montauk. I have my doubts, Leach, if anything be gained by screwing down religion and morals, like a cotton bale, as is practised in and about the river !”

“ A good many begin to be of the same way of thinking ; for when our people *do* break out, it is like the small-pox !”

“ I am an advocate for education ; nor do I think I was taught in my own case more than was reasonable. I think even a prayer is of more use to a ship-master than Latin, and I often have, even now, recourse to one, though it may not be exactly in Scripture language. I seldom want a wind without praying for it, mentally, as it might be ; and as for the rheumatis', I am always praying to be rid of it,

when I'm not cursing it starboard and larboard. Has it never struck you that the world is less moral since steam-boats were introduced than formerly?"

"The boats date from before my birth, sir."

"Very true; you are but a boy. Mankind appear to be hurried, and no one likes to stop to pray, or to foot up his sins, as used to be the case. Life is like a passage at sea. We feel our way cautiously until off soundings on our own coast, and then we have an easy time of it in the deep water; but when we get near the shoals again, we take out the lead, and mind a little how we steer. It is the going off and coming on the coast, that gives us all the trouble."

"You had some object in view, Captain Truck, when you asked me if I ever prayed!"

"Certain. If I were to set to work to pray myself, just now, it would be for smooth water to-morrow, that we may have a good time in towing the raft to the ship—hist! Leach; did you hear nothing?"

"There was a sound different from what is

common in the air from the land! It is probably some savage beast, for Africa is full of them."

"I think we might manage a lion from this fortress. Unless the fellow found the stage he could hardly board us, and a plank or two thrown from that, would make a drawbridge of it at once. Look yonder! there is something moving on the bank, or my eyes are two jewel-blocks."

Mr. Leach looked in the required direction, and he, too, fancied he saw something in motion on the margin of the bank. At the point where the wreck lay the beach was far from wide, and her flying jib-boom, which was still out, projected so near the low acclivity, where the coast rose to the level of the desert, as to come within ten feet of the bushes by which the latter was fringed. Although the spar had drooped a little in consequence of having lost the support of the stays, its end was still sufficiently high to rise above the leaves, and to permit one seated on it to overlook the plain, as well as the starlight would allow. Believing

the duty to be important, Captain Truck, first giving his orders to Mr. Leach, as to the mode of alarming the men should it become necessary, went cautiously out on the bowsprit, and thence by the foot-ropes, to the farther extremity of the booms. As this was done with the steadiness of a seaman, and with the utmost care to prevent discovery, he was soon stretched on the spar, balancing his body by his legs beneath, and casting eager glances about, though prevented by the obscurity from seeing either far or very distinctly.

After lying in this position a minute, Captain Truck discovered an object on the plains, at the distance of a hundred yards from the bushes, that was evidently in motion. He was now all watchfulness, for, had he not seen the proofs that the Arabs, or Moors, had already been at the wreck, he knew that parties of them were constantly hovering along the coast, especially after every heavy gale that blew from the westward, in the hope of booty. As all his own people were asleep, the mates excepted, and the boats could just be disco-



vered by himself, who knew their position, he was in hopes that, should there be any of the barbarians near, the presence of his own party could hardly be known. It is true, the alteration in the appearance of the wreck, by the removal of the spars, must strike any one who had seen it before ; but this change might have been made by another party of marauders, or those who had now come, if any there were, might see the vessel for the first time.

While such thoughts were rapidly glancing through his mind, the reader will readily imagine that the worthy master was not altogether at his ease. Still he was cool, and as he was resolved to fight his way off, even against an army, he clung to the spar with a species of physical resolution that would have done credit to a tiger. The object on the plain moved once more, and the clouds opening beyond, he plainly made out the head and neck of a dromedary. There was but one, however ; nor could the most scrupulous examination show him a human being. After remaining a quarter of an hour on the boom, during all which time

the only sounds that were heard were the sighings of the night-air, and the sullen and steady wash of the surf, Captain Truck came on deck again, where he found his mate waiting his report with intense anxiety. The former was fully aware of the importance of his discovery, but, being a cool man, he had not magnified the danger to himself.

“The Moors are down on the coast,” he said in an under tone; “but I do not think there can be more than two or three of them at the most; probably spies or scouts; and could we seize them, we may gain a few hours on their comrades, which will be all we want; after which they shall be welcome to the salt and the other dunnage of the poor Dane. Leach, are you the man to stand by me in this affair?”

“Have I ever failed you, Captain Truck, that you put the question?”

“That you have never, my fine fellow; give me a squeeze of your honest hand, and let there be a pledge of life or death in it.”

The mate met the iron grasp of his com-

mander, and each knew that he received an assurance on which he might rely.

“ Shall I awake the men, sir ? ” asked Mr. Leach.

“ Not one of them. Every hour of sleep the people get will be a lower mast saved. These sticks that still remain are our foundation, and even one of them is of more account to us, just now, than a fleet of ships might be at another time. Take your arms and follow me ; but first we will give a hint to the second-mate of what we are about.”

This officer was asleep on the deck, for he had been so much wearied with his great exertions that afternoon, as to catch a little rest as the sweetest of all gifts. It had been the intention of Captain Truck to dismiss him to the boats, but observing him to be overcome with drowsiness, he had permitted him to catch a nap where he lay. The look-out, too, was also slumbering under the same indulgence ; but both were now awakened, and made acquainted with the state of things on shore.

“ Keep your eyes open, but keep a dead

silence," concluded Captain Truck; "for it is my wish to deceive these scouts, and to keep them ignorant of our presence. When I cry out 'Alarm!' you will muster all hands, and clear away for a brush, but not before. God bless you, my lads! mind and keep your eyes open. Leach, I am ready."

The captain and his companion cautiously descended to the sands, and passing astern of the ship, they first took their way to the jolly-boat, which lay at the rocks in readiness to carry off the two officers to the launch. Here they found the two men in charge so soundly asleep that nothing would have been easier than to bind them without giving the alarm. After a little hesitation it was determined to let them dream away their sorrows, and to proceed to the spot where the bank was ascended.

At this place it became necessary to use the greatest precaution, for it was literally entering the enemy's country. The steepness of the short ascent requiring them to mount nearly on their hands and feet, this part of

their progress was made without much hazard, and the two adventurers soon stood on the plain, sheltered by some bushes.

“Yonder is the camel,” whispered the captain: “you see his crooked neck, with the head tossing at moments. The fellow is not fifty yards from the body of the poor German ! Now let us follow along this line of bushes, and keep a sharp look-out for the rider.”

They proceeded in the manner mentioned, until they came to a point where the bushes ceased, and there was an opening that overlooked the beach quite near the wreck.

“Do you see the boats, Leach, here away, in a line with the starboard davit of the Dane ? They look like dark spots on the water, and an ignorant Arab might be excused for taking them for rocks.”

“Except that they rise and fall with the rollers ; he must be doubly a Turk who could make such a blunder !”

“Your wanderers of the desert are not so particular. The wreck has certainly undergone some changes since yesterday, and I



should not wonder if even a Mussulman found them out, but"—

The gripe of Mr. Leach, whose fingers almost entered the flesh of his arm, and a hand pointed towards the bushes on the other side of the opening, silenced the captain's whisper. A human form was seen standing on the fringe of the bank, directly opposite the jib-boom. It was swaddled in a sort of cloak, and the long musket that was borne in a hollow of an arm, was just discernible, diverging from the line of the figure. The Arab, for such it could only be, was evidently gazing on the wreck, and presently he ventured out more boldly, and stood in the spot that was clear of bushes. The death-like stillness on the beach deceived him, and he advanced with less caution towards the spot where the two officers were in ambush, still keeping his own eye on the ship. A few steps brought him within reach of Captain Truck, who drew back his arm until the elbow reached his own hip, when he darted it forward, and dealt the incautious barbarian a severe blow between the eyes.

The Arab fell like a slaughtered ox, and before his senses were fairly recovered, he was bound hands and feet, and rolled over the bank down upon the beach, with little ceremony, his fire-arms remaining with his captors.

“That lad is in a category,” whispered the captain; “it now remains to be seen if there is another.”

A long search was not rewarded with success, and it was determined to lead the camel down the path, with a view to prevent his being seen by any wanderer in the morning.

“If we get the lower masts out betimes,” continued the captain, “these land pirates will have no beacons in sight to steer by, and, in a country in which one grain of sand is so much like another, they might hunt a week before they made a happy land-fall.”

The approach of the two towards the camel was made with less caution than usual, the success of their enterprise throwing them off their guard, and exciting their spirits. They believed, in short, that their captive was either

a solitary wanderer, or that he had been sent ahead as a scout, by some party that would be likely to follow in the morning.

“ We must be up and at work before the sun, Mr. Leach,” said the captain, speaking clearly, but in a low tone, as they approached the camel. The head of the animal was tossed ; then it seemed to snuff the air, and it gave a shriek. In the twinkling of an eye an Arab sprang from the sand, on which he had been sleeping, and was on the creature’s back. He was seen to look around him, and before the startled mariners had time to decide on their course, the beast, which was a dromedary trained to speed, was out of sight in the darkness. Captain Truck had thrown forward his fowling-piece, but he did not fire.

“ We have no right to shoot the fellow,” he said, “and our hope is now in the distance he will have to ride to join his comrades. If we have got a chief, as I suspect, we will make a hostage of him, and turn him to as much account as he can possibly turn one of his own camels. Depend on it we shall see no more of

them for several hours, and we will seize the opportunity to get a little sleep. A man must have his watch below, or he gets to be as dull and as obstinate as a top-maul."

The captain having made up his mind to this plan was not slow in putting it in execution. Returning to the beach they liberated the legs of their prisoner, whom they found lying like a log on the sands, and made him mount the staging to the deck of the ship. Leading the way into the cabin, Mr. Truck examined the fellow by a light, turning him round and commenting on his points very much as he might have done had the captive been any other animal of the desert.

The Arab was a swarthy, sinewy man of forty, with all his fibres indurated and worked down to the whipcord meagreness and rigidity of a racer, his frame presenting a perfect picture of the sort of being one would fancy suited to the exhausting motion of a dromedary, and to the fare of a desert. He carried a formidable knife, in addition to the long musket of which he had been deprived, and his

principal garment was the coarse mantle of camel's hair, that served equally for cap, coat and robe. His wild dark eyes gleamed, as Captain Truck passed the lamp before his face, and it was sufficiently apparent that he fancied a very serious misfortune had befallen him. As any verbal communication was out of the question, some abortive attempts were essayed by the two mariners to make themselves understood by signs, which, like some men's reasoning, produced results exactly the contrary of those which had been expected.

"Perhaps the poor fellow fancies we mean to eat him, Leach," observed the captain, after trying his skill in pantomime for some time without success; "and he has some grounds for the idea, as he was felled like an ox that is bound to the kitchen. Try and let the miserable wretch understand, at least, that we are not cannibals."

Hereupon the mate commenced an expressive pantomime, which described, with sufficient clearness, the process of skinning, cutting up, cooking, and eating the carcass of the Arab,



with the humane intention of throwing a negative over the whole proceeding, by a strong sign of dissent at the close; but there are no proper substitutes for the little monosyllables of "yes" and "no," and the meaning of the interpreter got to be so confounded that the captain himself was mystified.

"D—n it, Leach," he interrupted, "the man fancies that he is not good eating, you make so many wry and out-of-the-way contortions. A sign is a jury-mast for the tongue, and every seaman ought to know how to practise them, in case he should be wrecked on a savage and unknown coast. Old Joe Bunk had a dictionary of them, and in calm weather he used to go among his horses and horned cattle, and talk with them by the hour. He made a diagram of the language, and had it taught to all us youngers who were exposed to the accidents of the sea. Now, I will try my hand on this Arab, for I could never go to sleep while the honest black imagined we intended to breakfast on him."

The captain now recommenced his own ex-

planations in the language of nature. He too described the process of cooking and eating the prisoner,—for this he admitted was indispensable by way of preface,—and then, to show his horror of such an act, he gave a very good representation of a process he had often witnessed among his sea-sick passengers, by way of showing his loathing of cannibalism in general, and of eating this Arab in particular. By this time the man was thoroughly alarmed, and by way of commentary on the captain's eloquence, he began to utter wailings in his own language, and groans that were not to be mistaken. To own the truth, Mr. Truck was a good deal mortified with this failure, which, like all other unsuccessful persons, he was ready to ascribe to anybody but himself.

“I begin to think, Mr. Leach,” he said, “that this fellow is too stupid for a spy or a scout, and that after all, he is no more than a driveller who has strayed from his tribe, from a want of sense to keep the road in a desert. A man of the smallest information must have understood me, and yet you perceive by his

lamentations and outcries that he knows no more what I said than if he were in another parallel of latitude. The chap has quite mistaken my character ; for if I really did intend to make a beast of myself, and devour my species, no one of the smallest knowledge of human nature would think I'd begin on a nigger ! What is your opinion of the man's mistake, Mr. Leach ?”

“ It is very plain, sir, that he supposes you mean to broil him, and then to eat so much of his steaks, that you will be compelled to heave up like a marine two hours out ; and, if I must say the truth, I think most people would have inferred the same thing from your signs, which are as plainly cannibal as anything of the sort I ever witnessed.”

“ And what the devil did he make of your's, Master Cookery-Book ?” cried the captain with some heat. “ Did he fancy you meant to mortify the flesh with a fortnight's fast ? No, no, sir ; you are a very respectable first officer, but are no more acquainted with Joe Bunk's principles of signs, than this editor

here knows of truth and propriety. It is your blundering manner of soliloquizing that has set the lad on a wrong traverse. He has just grafted your own idea on my communication, and has got himself into a category that a book itself would not reason him out of, until his fright is passed. Logic is thrown away on on all 'skeary animals,' said old Joe Bunk. Hearkee, Leach, I've a mind to set the rascal adrift, condemning the gun and the knife for the benefit of the captors. I think I should sleep better for the certainty that he was trudging along the sand, satisfied he was not to be barbecued in the morning."

"There is no use in detaining him, sir, for his messmate, who went off on the dromedary, will sail a hundred feet to his one, and if an alarm is really to be given to their party, it will not come from this chap. He will be unarmed, and by taking away his pouch we shall get some ammunition for this gun of his, which will throw a shot as far as Queen Anne's pocket-piece. For my part, sir, I think there is no great use in keeping him, for I do not

think he would understand us, if he stayed a month, and went to school the whole time."

"You are quite right, and as long as he is among us we shall be liable to unpleasant misconceptions; so cut his lashings, and set him drift, and be d—d to him."

The mate, who by this time was drowsy, did as desired, and in a moment the Arab was at liberty. At first the poor creature did not know what to make of his freedom, but a smart application, *à posteriori*, from the foot of Captain Truck, whose humanity was of the rough quality of the seas, soon set him in motion up the cabin-ladder. When the two mariners reached the deck, their prisoner was already leaping down the staging, and in another minute his active form was obscurely seen clambering up the bank, on gaining which he plunged into the desert, and was seen no more.

None but men indurated in their feelings by long exposure would be likely to sleep under the circumstances in which these two seamen were placed; but they were both too cool, and



too much accustomed to arouse themselves on sudden alarms, to lose the precious moments in womanish apprehensions, when they knew that all their physical energies would be needed on the morrow, whether the Arabs arrived or not. They accordingly regulated the look-outs, gave strong admonitions of caution to be passed from one to another, and then the captain stretched himself in the berth of the poor Dane who was now a captive in the desert, while Mr. Leach got into the jolly-boat, and was pulled off to the launch. Both were sound asleep in less than five minutes, after their heads touched their temporary pillows.

## CHAPTER VII.

Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed,  
And so do I too ; he does it with a better grace, but  
I do it more natural.

*Twelfth Night.*

THE sleep of the weary is sweet. Of all the party that lay thus buried in sleep, on the verge of the Great Desert, exposed at any moment to an assault from its ruthless and predatory occupants, but one bethought him of the danger ; though *he* was, in truth, so little exposed as to have rendered it of less moment to himself than to most of the others, had he not been the possessor of a fancy that served oftener to lead him astray than for any purposes that were useful or pleasing. This person was in one of the boats, and as they lay at a reasonable distance from the land, and

the barbarians would not probably have known how to use any craft had they even possessed one, he was consequently safe from everything but a discharge from their long muskets. But this remote risk sufficed to keep him awake, it being very different things to foster malice, circulate gossip, write scurrilous paragraphs, and cant about the people, and to face a volley of fire-arms. For the one employment, nature, tradition, education, and habit, had expressly fitted Mr. Dodge, while for the other, he had not the smallest vocation. Although Mr. Leach, in setting his look-outs on board the boats, had entirely overlooked the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, never before had that vigilant person's inquiries been more active than they were throughout the whole of that long night, and twenty times would he have aroused the party on false alarms, but for the cool indifference of the phlegmatic seamen, to whom the duty more properly belonged. These brave fellows knew too well the precious qualities of sleep to allow that of their shipmates to be cause-

lessly disturbed by the nervous apprehensions of one who carried with him an everlasting stimulant to fear in the consciousness of demerit. The night passed away undisturbed, therefore, nor was the order of the regular watch broken until the look-outs in the wreck, agreeably to their orders, awoke Captain Truck and his mates.

It was now precisely at the moment when the first, and as it might be, the fugitive rays of the sun glide into the atmosphere, and to use a quaint expression, "dilute its darkness." One no longer saw by starlight, or by moonlight, though a little of both were still left; but objects, though indistinct and dusky, had their true outlines, while every moment rendered their surfaces more obvious.

When Captain Truck appeared on deck, his first glance was at the ocean; for were its tranquillity seriously disturbed, it would be a death-blow to all his hopes. Fortunately, in this particular, there was no change.

"The winds seem to have put themselves out of breath in the last gale, Mr. Leach," he

said, "and we are likely to get the spars round as quietly as if they were so many saw-logs floating in a mill-pond. Even the groundswell has lessened, and the breakers on the bar look like the ripple of a wash-tub. Turn the people up, sir, and let us have a drag at these sticks before breakfast, or we may have to broil an Arab yet."

Mr. Leach hailed the boats, and ordered them to send their gang of labourers on shore. He then gave the accustomed raps on the deck, and called "all hands" in the ship. In a minute the men began to appear, yawning and stretching their arms—for no one had thrown aside his clothes—most of them launching their sea-jokes right and left, with as much indifference as if they lay quietly in the port to which they were bound. After some eight or ten minutes to shake themselves, and to get "aired," as Mr. Leach expressed it, the whole party was again mustered on the deck of the *Dane*, with the exception of a hand or two in the launch, and Mr. Dodge. The latter had assumed the office of sentinel over the jolly-



boat, which, as usual, lay at the rocks, to carry articles off as might be wanted.

“Send a hand up into the foretop, Mr. Leach,” said the captain, gaping like a greyhound; “a fellow with sharp eyes; none of your chaps who read with their noses down in the cloudy weather of an almanack; and let him take a look at the desert, in search of Arabs.”

Although the lower rigging was down and safe in the launch, a girt-line, or as Captain Truck in the true Doric of his profession pronounced it, a “*gunt*-line,” was rove at each mast, and a man was accordingly hauled up forward as soon as possible. As it was still too dusky to distinguish far with accuracy, the captain hailed him, and bade him stay where he was until ordered down, and to keep a sharp look-out.

“We had a visit from one chap in the night,” he added, “and as he was a hungry-looking rascal, he is a greater fool than I think him, or he will be back before long,

after some of the beef and stock-fish of the wreck. Keep a bright look-out."

The men, though accustomed to their commander's manner, looked at each other more seriously, glanced around at their arms, and then the information produced precisely the effect that had been intended, that of inducing them to apply to their work with threefold vigour.

"Let the boys chew upon that, instead of their tobacco," observed the captain to Mr. Leach, as he hunted for a good coal in the galley to light his cigar with. "I'll warrant you the sheers go up none the slower for the information, desperate philosophers as some of these gentry are!"

This prognostic was true enough, for instead of gaping and stretching themselves about the deck, as had been the case with most of them a minute before, the men now commenced their duty in good earnest, calling to each other to come to the falls and the capstan-bars, and to stand by the heels of the sheers.

“Heave away!” cried the mate, smiling to see how quick the captain’s hint had been taken; “heave round with a will, men, and let us set these legs on end, that they may walk.”

As the order was obeyed to the letter, the day had not fairly opened when the sheers were in their places and secured. Every man was all activity, and as their work was directed by those whose knowledge was never at fault, a landsman would have been surprised at the readiness with which the crew next raised a spar as heavy as the mainmast, and had it suspended, top and all, in the air, high enough to be borne over the side. The lowering was a trifling affair, and the massive stick was soon lying at its length on the sands. Captain Truck well knew the great importance of this particular spar, for he might make out with the part of the foremast that remained in the packet, whereas, without this mast he could not possibly rig anything of much available use aft. He called out to the men, therefore, as he sprang upon the staging, to follow him,

and to launch the spar into the water before they breakfasted.

“Let us make sure of this fellow, men,” he he added, “for it is our main stay. With this stick fairly in our raft, we may yet make a passage; no one must think of his teeth till it is out of all risk. This stick we must have, if we make war on the Emperor of Morocco for its possession.”

The people knew the necessity for exertion, and they worked accordingly. The top was knocked off, and carried down to the water; the spar was then cut round, and rolled after it, not without trouble, however, as the trestle trees were left on; but the descent of the sands favoured the labour. When on the margin of the sea, by the aid of hand-spikes, the head was got afloat, or so nearly so, as to require but little force to move it, when a line from the boats was fastened to the outer end, and the top was secured alongside.

“Now, clap your hand-spikes under it, boys, and heave away!” cried the captain. “Heave together, and keep the stick straight,

—heave, and his head is afloat!—Haul, haul away in the boat!—heave all at once, and as if you were giants!—you gained three feet that tug, my hearties,—try him again, gentlemen, as you are,—and move together, like girls in a *cotillion*—Away with it!—What the devil are you staring at, in the fore-top there? Have you nothing better to do than to amuse yourself in seeing us heave our insides out?”

The intense interest attached to the securing of this spar had extended to the look-out in the top, and instead of keeping his eye on the desert, as ordered, he was looking down at the party on the beach, and betraying his sympathy in their efforts by bending his body, and appearing to heave in common with his messmates. Admonished of his neglect by this sharp rebuke, he turned round quickly towards the desert, and at the next instant he gave the fearful alarm of “The Arabs!”

Every man ceased his work, and the whole were on the point of rushing in a body towards their arms, when the greater steadiness of Captain Truck prevented it.



“Whereaway?” he demanded sternly.

“On the most distant hillock of sand, may be a mile and a half inland.”

“How do they head?”

“Dead down upon us, sir.”

“How do they travel?”

“They have camels, and horses: all are mounted, sir.”

“What is their number?”

The man paused, as if to count, and then he called out,

“They are strong-handed, sir; quite a hundred, I think. They have brought up, sir, and seem to be sounding about them for an anchorage.”

Captain Truck hesitated, and he looked wistfully at the mast.

“Boys!” he said, shaking his hand over the bit of massive wood, with energy, “this spar is of more importance to us than our mother’s milk in infancy. It is our victuals and drink, life and hopes. Let us swear we will have it in spite of a thousand Arabs. Stoop to your hand-spikes, and heave at

the word—heave as if you had a world to move,—heave, men, heave !”

The people obeyed, and the mast advanced more than half the necessary distance into the water. But the man now called out that the Arabs were advancing swiftly towards the ship.

“One more effort, men,” said Captain Truck, reddening in the face with anxiety, and throwing down his hat to set the example in person,—“heave !”

The men hove, and the spar floated.

“Now to your arms, boys, and you, sir, in the top, keep yourself hid behind the head of the mast. We must be ready to show these gentry we are not afraid of them.” A sign of the hand, told the men in the launch to haul away, and the all-important spar floated slowly across the bar, to join the raft.

The men now hurried up to the ship, a post that Captain Truck declared he could maintain against a whole tribe, while Mr. Dodge began incontinently to scull the jolly-boat, in the best manner he could, off to the

launch. All remonstrance was useless, as he had got as far as the bar before he was perceived. Both Sir George Templemore and Mr. Monday loudly denounced him for deserting the party on the shore in this scandalous manner, but quite without effect. Mr. Dodge's skill, unfortunately for his success, did not quite equal his zeal; and finding, when he got on the bar, that he was unable to keep the boat's head to the sea, or indeed to manage it at all, he fairly jumped into the water and swam lustily towards the launch. As he was expert at this exercise, he arrived safely, cursing in his heart all travelling, the desert, the Arabs, and mankind in general, wishing himself quietly back in Dodgeopolis again, among his beloved people. The boat drove upon the sands, of course, and was eventually taken care of by two of the Montauk's crew.

As soon as Captain Truck found himself on the deck of the *Dane*, the arms were distributed among the people. It was clearly his policy not to commence the war, for he had

nothing, in an affirmative sense, to gain by it, though, without making any professions, his mind was fully made up not to be taken alive, as long as there was a possibility of averting such a disaster. The man aloft gave constant notice of the movements of the Arabs, and he soon announced that they had halted at a pistol's shot from the bank, where they were securing their camels, and that his first estimate of their force was not far from true.

In the mean time, Captain Truck was far from satisfied with his position. The bank was higher than the deck of the ship, and so near it as to render the bulwarks of little use, had those of the *Dane* been of any available thickness, which they were not. Then, the position of the ship, lying a little on one side, with her bows toward the land, exposed her to being swept by a raking fire; a cunning enemy having it in his power, by making a cover of the bank, to pick off his men, with little or no exposure to himself. The odds were too great to sally upon the plain, and although the rocks offered a tolerable cover towards the

land, they had none towards the ship. Divide his force he dared not do,—and by abandoning the ship, he would allow the Arabs to seize her, thus commanding the other position, besides the remainder of the stores, which he was desirous of securing.

Men think fast in trying circumstances, and although the captain was in a situation so perfectly novel, his practical knowledge and great coolness, rendered him an invaluable commander to those under his orders.

“I do not know, gentlemen,” he said, addressing his passengers and mates, “that Vattel has laid down any rule to govern this case. These Arabs, no doubt, are the lawful owners of the country, in one sense; but it is a desert,—and a desert, like a sea, is common property for the time being, to all who find themselves in it. There are no wreck-masters in Africa, and probably, no law concerning wrecks, but the law of the strongest. We have been driven in here, moreover, by stress of weather—and this is a category on which Vattel has been very explicit. We have



a *right* to the hospitality of these Arabs, and if it be not freely accorded, d—n me, gentlemen, but I feel disposed to take just as much of it as I find I shall have occasion for! Mr. Monday, I should like to hear your sentiments this subject.”

“Why, sir,” returned Mr. Monday, “I have the greatest confidence in your knowledge, Captain Truck, and am equally ready for peace or war, although my calling is for the first. I should try negotiation to begin with, sir, if it be practicable, and you will allow me to express an opinion; after which, I would offer war.”

“I am quite of the same mind, sir; but in what way are we to negotiate with a people we cannot make understand a word we say? It is true, if they were versed in the science of signs, one might do something with them; but I have reason to know that they are as stupid as boobies on all such subjects. We shall get ourselves into a category at the first *protocol*, as the writers say.”

Now, Mr. Monday thought there was a

language that any man might understand, and he was strongly disposed to profit by it. In rummaging the wreck, he had discovered a case of liquor, besides a cask of Hollands, and he thought an offering of these might have the effect to put the Arabs in good humour at least.

“I have known men, who, treated with dry, in matters of trade, were as obstinate as mules, become reasonable and pliable, sir, over a bottle,” he said, after explaining where the liquor was to be found; “and I think, if we offer the Arabs this, after they have been in possession a short time, we shall find them better disposed towards us. If it should not prove so, I confess, for one, I should feel less reluctance in shooting them than before.”

“I have somewhere heard that the Mussulmans never drink,” observed Sir George; “in which case, we shall find our offering despised. Then there is the difficulty of a first possession; for if these people are the same as those that were here before, they may not thank us for giving them so small a part of that, of

which they may lay claim to own all. I'm very sure, were any one to offer me my patent pistols, as a motive for letting him carry away my patent razors, or the East India dressing-case, or anything else, I own I should not feel particularly obliged to him."

"Capitally put, Sir George, and I should be quite of your way of thinking, if I did not believe these Arabs might really be mollified by a little drink. If I had a proper ambassador to send with the offering, I would resort to the plan at once."

Mr. Monday, after a moment's hesitation, spiritedly offered to be one of two, to go to the Arabs with the proposal, for he had sufficient penetration to perceive that there was little danger of his being seized, while an armed party of so much strength remained to be overcome,—and he had sufficient nerve to encounter the risk. All he asked was a companion, and Captain Truck was so much struck with the spirit of the volunteer, that he made up his mind to accompany him himself. To this plan, however, both the mates

and all the crew, stoutly but respectfully objected. They felt his importance too much to consent to this exposure, and neither of the mates, even, would be allowed to go on an expedition of so much hazard, without a sufficient motive. They might fight, if they pleased, but they should not run into the mouth of the lion unarmed and unresisting.

“It is of no moment,” said Mr. Monday; “I could have liked a gentleman for my companion; but no one of the brave fellows will have any objection to passing an hour in company with an Arab sheik over a bottle. What say you, my lads, will any one of you volunteer?”

“Ay, ay, sir!” cried a dozen, in a breath.

“This will never do,” interrupted the captain; “I have need of the men, for my heart is still set on these two sticks that remain, and we have a head-sea and a stiff breeze to struggle with, in getting back to the ship. By George, I have it! What do you say to Mr. Dodge for a companion, Mr. Monday? He is used to committees, and likes the service: and then he has need of some stimulant, after

the ducking he has received. Mr. Leach, take a couple of hands, and go off in the jolly-boat and bring Mr. Dodge on shore. My compliments to him, and tell him he has been unanimously chosen to a most honourable and lucrative,—ay, and a popular employment.”

As this was an order, the mate did not scruple about obeying it. He was soon afloat, and on his way towards the launch. Captain Truck now hailed the top, and inquired what the Arabs were about. The answer was satisfactory, as they were still busy with their camels and in pitching their tents. This did not look much like an immediate war, and bidding the man aloft to give timely notice of their approach, Mr. Truck fancied he might still have time to shift his sheers, and to whip out the mizen-mast, and he accordingly set about it without further delay.

As every one worked, as it might be for life, in fifteen minutes this light spar was suspended in the falls. In ten more its heel was clear of the bulwarks, and it was lowered on the sands almost by the run. To knock off the



top and roll it down to the water took but a few minutes longer, and then the people were called to their breakfast; the sentinel aloft reporting that the Arabs were employed in the same manner, and in milking their camels. This was a fortunate relief, and everybody ate in peace, and in the full assurance that those whom they so much distrusted were equally engaged in the same pacific manner.

Neither the Arabs nor the seamen, however, lost any unnecessary time at the meal. The former were soon reported to be coming and going in parties of fifteen or twenty, arriving and departing in an eastern direction. Occasionally a single runner went or came alone, on a fleet dromedary, as if communications were held with other bodies which lay deeper in the desert. All this intelligence rendered Captain Truck very uneasy, and he thought it time seriously to take some decided measures to bring this matter to an issue. Still, as time gained was all in his favour if improved, he first ordered the men to begin to shift the sheers forwards, in hopes of being

yet able to carry off the foremast ; a spar that would be exceedingly useful, as it would save the necessity of fishing a new head to the one which still stood in the packet. He then went aside with his two ambassadors, with a view to give his instructions.

Mr. Dodge had no sooner found himself safe in the launch than he felt his courage revive, and with his courage, his ingenuity, self-love and assurance. While in the water a meeker man there was not on earth ; he had even some doubts as to the truth of all his favourite notions of liberty and equality, for men think fast in danger, and there was an instant when he might have been easily persuaded to acknowledge himself a demagogue and a hypocrite in his ordinary practices ; one whose chief motive was self, and whose besetting passions were envy, distrust and malice ; or, in other words, very much the creature he was. Shame came next, and he eagerly sought an excuse for the want of manliness he had betrayed ; but, passing over the language he had held in

the launch, and the means Mr. Leach found to persuade him to land again, we shall give his apology in his own words, as he now somewhat hurriedly delivered it, to Captain Truck, in his own person.

“ I must have misunderstood your arrangement, captain,” he said ; “ for somehow, though *how* I do not exactly know,—but *somehow* the alarm of the Arabs was no sooner given than I felt as if I *ought* to be in the launch to be at my post ; but I suppose it was because I knew that the sails and spars that brought us here are mostly there, and that this was the spot to be most resolutely defended. I *do* think, if they had waded off to us, I should have fought like a tiger !”

“ No doubt you would, my dear sir, and like a wild cat too ! We all make mistakes in judgment, in war, and in politics, and no fact is better known than that the best soldiers in the end are they who give a little ground at the first attack. But Mr. Leach has explained to you the plan of Mr. Monday, and I rely on

your spirit and zeal, which there is now an excellent opportunity to prove, as before it was only demonstrated."

"If it were only an opportunity of meeting the Arabs sword in hand, captain."

"Pooh! pooh! my dear friend, take *two* swords if you choose. One who is full of fight can never get the battle on his own terms. Fill the Arabs with the *schnaps* of the poor Dane, and if they should make the smallest symptom of moving down towards us, I rely on you to give the alarm, in order that we may be ready for them. Trust to us for the *overture* of the *piece*, as I trust to you for the overtures of peace."

"In what way can we possibly do this, Mr. Monday? How *can* we give the alarm in season?"

"Why," interposed the unmoved captain, "you may just shoot the sheik, and that will be killing two birds with one stone; you will take your pistols, of course, and blaze away upon them, starboard and larboard; rely on it, we shall hear you."

“Of that I make no doubt, but I rather distrust the prudence of the step. That is, I declare, Mr. Monday, it looks awfully like tempting Providence! I begin to have conscientious scruples. I hope you are quite certain, captain, there is nothing in all this against the laws of Africa? Good moral and religious influences are not to be overlooked. My mind is quite exercised in the premises!”

“You are much too conscientious for a diplomatic man,” said Mr. Truck, between the puffs at a fresh cigar. “You need not shoot any of the women, and what more does a man want? Come, no more words, but to the duty heartily. Every one expects it of you, since no one can do it half so well; and if you ever get back to Dodgopolis, there will be matter for a paragraph every day of the year for the next six months. If anything serious happen to you, trust to me to do your memory justice.”

“Captain, captain, this trifling with the future is blasphemous! Men seldom talk of death with impunity, and it really hurts my



feelings to touch on such awful subjects so lightly. I will go, for I do not well see how the matter is to be helped; but let us go amicably, and with such presents as will secure a good reception and a safe return."

"Mr. Monday takes the liquor-case of the Dane, and you are welcome to anything that is left, but the foremast. *That* I shall fight for, even if lions come out of the desert to help the Arabs."

Mr. Dodge had many more objections, some of which he urged openly, and more of which he felt in his inmost spirit. But for the unfortunate dive into the water, he certainly would have pleaded his immunities as a passenger and plumply refused to be put forward on such an occasion; but he felt that he was a disgraced man, and that some decided act of spirit was necessary to redeem his character. The neutrality observed by the Arabs, moreover, greatly encouraged him; for he leaned to an opinion Captain Truck had expressed, that so long as a strong-armed party remained

in the wreck, the sheik, if a man of any moderation and policy, would not proceed to violence.

“You may tell him, gentlemen,” continued Mr. Truck, “that as soon as I have whipped the foremast out of the Dane, I will evacuate, and leave him the wreck, and all it contains. The stick can do him no good, and I want it in my heart’s core. Put this matter before him plainly, and there is no doubt we shall part the best friends in the world. Remember one thing, however, we shall go about lifting the spar the moment you quit us, and should there be any signs of an attack, give us notice in season, that we may take to our arms.”

By this reasoning Mr. Dodge suffered himself to be persuaded to go on the mission, though his ingenuity and fears supplied an additional motive that he took very good care not to betray. Should there be a battle, he knew he would be expected to fight, if he remained with his own party, and if with the other, he might plausibly secrete himself until

the affair was over; for with a man of his temperament, eventual slavery had less horrors than immediate death.

When Mr. Monday and his co-commissioner ascended the bank, bearing the case of liquors and a few light offerings, that the latter had found in the wreck, it was just as the crew, assured that the Arabs still remained tranquil, had seriously set about pursuing their great object. On the margin of the plain, Captain Truck took his leave of the ambassadors, though he remained some time to reconnoitre the appearance of things in the wild-looking camp, which was placed within two hundred yards of the spot on which he stood. The number of the Arabs had not certainly been exaggerated, and what gave him the most uneasiness was the fact that parties appeared to be constantly communicating with more, who probably lay behind a ridge of sand that bounded the view less than a mile distant inland, as they all went and came in that direction. After waiting to see his two *envoyés* in the very camp, he stationed a look-

out on the bank, and returned to the wreck, to hurry on the all-important work.

Mr. Monday was the efficient man of the two commissioners, so soon as they were fairly embarked in their enterprise. He was strong of nerves, and without imagination to fancy dangers where they were not very obvious, and had a great faith in the pacific virtues of the liquor-case. An Arab advanced to meet them, when near the tents; and although conversation was quite out of the question, by pure force of gesticulations, aided by the single word "sheik," they succeeded in obtaining an introduction to that personage.

The inhabitants of the desert have been so often described that we shall assume they are known to our readers, and proceed with our narrative the same as if we had to do with Christians. Much of what has been written of the hospitality of the Arabs, if true of any portion of them, is hardly true of those tribes which frequent the Atlantic coast, where the practice of wrecking would seem

to have produced the same effect on their habits and morals that it is known to produce elsewhere. But a ship protected by a few weather-worn and stranded mariners, and a ship defended by a strong and an armed party, like that headed by Captain Truck, presented very different objects to the cupidity of these barbarians. They knew the great advantage they possessed by being on their own ground, and were content to wait events, in preference to risking a doubtful contest. Several of the party had been at Magodore, and other parts, and had acquired tolerably accurate ideas of the power of vessels ; and as they were confident the men now at work at the wreck had not the means of carrying away the cargo, their own principal object, curiosity and caution, connected with certain plans that were already laid among their leaders, kept them quiet, for the moment at least.

These people were not so ignorant as to require to be told that some other vessel was at no great distance, and their scouts had been



out in all directions to ascertain the fact, previously to taking their ultimate measures; for the sheik himself had some pretty just notions of the force of a vessel of war, and of the danger of contending with one. The result of his policy, therefore, will better appear in the course of the narrative.

The reception of the two envoys of Captain Truck was masked by that smiling and courteous politeness which seems to diminish as one travels west, and to increase as he goes eastward; though it was certainly less elaborate than would have been found in the palace of an Indian rajah. The sheik was not properly a sheik, nor was the party composed of genuine Arabs, though we have thus styled them from usage. The first, however, was a man in authority, and he and his followers possessed enough of the origin and characteristics of the tribes east of the Red Sea to be sufficiently described by the appellation we have adopted.

Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge were invited by signs to be seated, and refreshments were

offered. As the last were not particularly inviting, Mr. Monday was not slow in producing his own offering, and in recommending its quality, by setting an example of the way in which it ought to be treated. Although Mussulmans, the hosts did not scruple about tasting the cup, and ten minutes of pantomime, potations, and grimaces, brought about a species of intimacy between the parties.

The man who had been so unceremoniously captured the previous night by Captain Truck, was now introduced, and much curiosity was manifested to know whether his account of the disposition in the strangers to eat their fellow-creatures was true. The inhabitants of the desert, in the course of ages, had gleaned certain accounts of mariners eating their ship-mates, from their different captives, and vague traditions to that effect existed among them, which the tale of this man had revived. Had the sheik kept a journal, like Mr. Dodge, the result of these inquiries would probably have been some entries concerning the customs and characters of the Americans, that were quite

as original as those of the editor of the *Active Inquirer* concerning the different nations he had visited.

Mr. Monday paid great attention to the pantomime of the Arab, in which that worthy endeavoured to explain the disposition of Captain Truck to make a barbecue of him: and when it was ended, he gravely informed his companions that the sheik had invited them to stay dinner, — a proposition that he was disposed to accept: but the sensitiveness of Mr. Dodge viewed the matter otherwise; for, with a conformity of opinion that really said something in favour of the science of signs, he arrived at the same conclusion as the poor Arab himself, — with the material difference, that he fancied that the Arabs were disposed to make a meal of himself. Mr. Monday, who was a hearty beef and brandy personage, scouted the idea, and thought the matter settled, by pointing to two or three young camels, and asking the editor, if he thought any man, Turk or Christian, would think of eating one so lank, meagre, and uninviting,

as himself, when they had so much capital food of another sort at their elbow. "Take your share of the liquor while it is passing, man, and set your heart at ease as to the dinner, which I make no doubt will be substantial and decent. Had I known of the favour intended us, I should have brought out the sheik a service of knives and forks from Birmingham: for he really seems a well-disposed and gentleman-like man. A very capital fellow, I dare say, we shall find him, after he has had a few camel's steaks, and a proper allowance of *schnaps*. Mr. Sheik, I drink your health with all my heart."

The accidents of life could scarcely have brought together, in circumstances so peculiar, men whose characters were more completely the converse of each other than Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge. They were perfect epitomes of two large classes in their respective nations, and so diametrically opposed to each other, that one could hardly recognise in them scions from a common stock. The first was dull, obstinate, hardy, straight-forward, hearty in

his manners, and not without sincerity, though wily in a bargain, with all his seeming frankness; the last, distrustful, cunning rather than quick of comprehension, insincere, fawning when he thought his interests concerned, and jealous and detracting at all other times, with a coldness of exterior that had at least the merit of appearing to avoid deception. Both were violently prejudiced, though in Mr. Monday, it was the prejudice of old dogmas, in religion, politics, and morals; and in the other, it was the vice of provincialism, and an education that was not entirely free from the fanaticism of the seventeenth century. One consequence of this discrepancy of character was a perfectly opposite manner of viewing matters in this interview. While Mr. Monday was disposed to take things amicably, Mr. Dodge was all suspicion; and had they then returned to the wreck, the last would have called to arms,—while the first would have advised Captain Truck to go out and visit the sheik, in the manner one would visit a respectable and agreeable neighbour.



## CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious  
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain !  
Oh ! let it not elude thy grasp !

COTTON.

THINGS were in this state, the shiek and his guests communicating in signs, in such a way as completely to mystify each other ; Mr. Monday drinking, Mr. Dodge conjecturing, and parties quitting the camp and arriving every ten minutes, when an Arab pointed eagerly with his finger in the direction of the wreck. The head of the foremast was slowly rising, and the look-out in the top was clinging to the spar, which began to cant, in order to keep himself from falling. The shiek affected to smile ; but he was evidently disturbed, and two or three messengers were sent out into the

camp. In the mean while, the spar began to lower, and was soon entirely concealed beneath the bank.

It was now apparent that the Arabs thought the moment had arrived when it was their policy to interfere. The sheik, therefore, left his guests to be entertained by two or three others who had joined in the potations, and making the best assurances he could by means of signs, of his continued amity, he left the tent. Laying aside all his arms, attended by two or three old men like himself, he went boldly to the bank, and descended quietly to the sands, where he found Captain Truck busied in endeavouring to get the spar into the water. The top was already afloat, and the stick itself was cut round into the right position for rolling, when the foul but grave-looking barbarians appeared among the workmen. As the latter had been apprised of their approach, and of the fact of their being unarmed, no one left his employment to receive them, with the exception of Captain Truck himself.

“Bear a hand with the spar, Mr. Leach,” he said, “while I entertain these gentlemen. It is a good sign that they come to us without arms, and it shall never be said that we are behind them in civility. Half an hour will settle our affairs, when these gentry are welcome to what will be left of the Dane.—Your servant, gentlemen; I ’m glad to see you, and beg the honour to shake hands with all of you, from the oldest to the youngest.

Although the Arabs understood nothing that was said, they permitted Captain Truck to give each of them a hearty shake of the hand, smiling and muttering their own compliments with as much apparent good-will as was manifested by the old seaman himself.

“God help the Danes, if they have fallen into servitude among these blackguards!” said the captain, aloud, while he was shaking the sheik a second time most cordially by the hand, “for a fouler set of thieves I never laid eyes on, Leach. Mr. Monday has tried the virtue of the *schnaps* on them, notwithstanding, for the odour of gin is mingled with that of grease, about the old scoundrel.—Roll

away at the spar, boys! half-a-dozen more such heaves and you will have him in his native element, as the newspapers call it.—I'm glad to see you, gentlemen; we are badly off as to chairs, on this beach, but to such as we have you are heartily welcome.—Mr. Leach, the Arab sheik;—Arab sheik, Mr. Leach.—On the bank there?"

"Sir."

"Any movement among the Arabs?"

"About thirty have just ridden back into the desert, mounted on camels, sir; nothing more."

"No signs of our passengers?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Here comes Mr. Dodge under full sail, heading for the bank, as straight as he can lay his course!"

"Ha!—Is he pursued?"

The men ceased their work, and glanced aside at their arms.

"Not at all, sir. Mr. Monday is calling after him, and the Arabs seem to be laughing. Mr. Monday is just splicing the main-brace with one of the rascals."

“Let the Atlantic ocean, then, look out for itself, for Mr. Dodge will be certain to run over it. Heave away, my hearties, and the stick will be afloat yet before that gentleman is fairly decked.”

The men worked with good will, but their zeal was far less efficient than that of the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, who now broke through the bushes, and plunged down the bank with a velocity which, if continued, would have carried him to Dogeopolis itself within the month. The Arabs started at this sudden apparition, but perceiving that those around them laughed, they were disposed to take the interruption in good part. The lookout now announced the approach of Mr. Monday, followed by fifty Arabs; the latter, however, being without arms, and the former without his hat. The moment was critical, but the steadiness of Captain Truck did not desert him. Issuing a rapid order to the second mate, with a small party previously selected for that duty, to stand by the arms, he urged the rest of the people to renewed exertions.



Just as this was done, Mr. Monday appeared on the bank, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, calling aloud to Mr. Dodge to return and drink with the Arabs.

“Do not disgrace Christianity in this unmannerly way,” he said; “but show these gentlemen of the desert that we know what propriety is. Captain Truck, I beg of you to urge Mr. Dodge to return. I was about to sing the Arabs, ‘God save the King,’ and in a few more minutes we should have had ‘Rule Britannia,’ when we would have been the best friends and companions in the world. Captain Truck, I’ve the honour to drink your health.”

But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently. Both his ambassadors were now safely back, for Mr. Monday came down upon the beach followed, it is true, by all the Arabs, and the mast was afloat. He thought it better, therefore, that Mr. Dodge should remain, and that the two parties should be as quietly, but as speedily as possible, separated. He ordered the hauling-line to be fastened

to the mast, and, as the stick was slowly going out through the surf, he issued the order for the men to collect their implements, to take their arms, and to assemble in a body at the rocks, where the jolly-boat still lay.

“Be quick, men, but be steady; for there are a hundred of these rascals on the beach already, and all the last-comers are armed. We might pick up a few more useful things from the wreck, but the wind is coming in from the westward, and our principal concern now will be to save what we have got. Lead Mr. Monday along with you, Leach, for he is so full of diplomacy and *schnaps* just now, that he forgets his safety. As for Mr. Dodge, I see he is stowed away in the boat already, as snug as the ground-tier in a ship loaded with molasses. Count the men off, sir, and see that no one is missing.”

By this time, the state of things on the beach had undergone material changes. The wreck was full of Arabs, some of whom were armed and some not; while mauls, crows, hand-spikes, purchases, coils of rigging, and

marling-spikes were scattered about on the sands, just where they had been dropped by the seamen. A party of fifty Arabs had collected around the rocks, where, by this time, all the mariners were assembled, intermingling with the latter, and apparently endeavouring to maintain the friendly relations which had been established by Mr. Monday. As a portion of these men were also armed, Captain Truck disliked their proceedings; but the inferiority of his numbers, and the disadvantage under which he was placed, compelled him to resort to management rather than force, in order to extricate himself.

The Arabs now crowded around and intermingled with the seamen, thronged the ship, and lined the bank, to the number of more than two hundred. It became evident that their true force had been underrated, and that additions were constantly making to it, from those who lay behind the ridges of sand. All those who appeared last, had arms of one kind or another, and several brought fire-arms, which they gave to the sheik, and to those

who had first descended to the beach. Still, every face seemed amicable, and the men were scarcely permitted to execute their orders, for the frequent interruptions to exchange tokens of friendship.

But Captain Truck fully believed that hostilities were intended, and although he had suffered himself in some measure to be surprised, he set about repairing his error with great judgment and admirable steadiness. His first step was to extricate his own people from those who pressed upon them, a thing that was effected by causing a few to take a position, that might be defended, higher among the rocks, as it even afforded a good deal of cover, and which communicated directly with the place where they had landed; and then ordering the remainder of the men to fall back into it singly. To prevent an alarm, each man was called off by name, and in this manner the whole party had got within the prescribed limits, before the Arabs, who were vociferating and talking altogether, seemed to be aware of the movement. When some

of the latter attempted to follow, they were gently repulsed by the sentinels. All this time Captain Truck maintained the utmost cordiality towards the sheik, keeping near him, and amongst the Arabs himself. The work of plunder, in the mean time, had begun in earnest in the wreck, and this he thought a favourable symptom, as men thus employed would be the less likely to make a hostile attack. Still he knew that prisoners were of great account among these barbarians, and that an attempt to tow the raft off from the land, in open boats, where his people would be exposed to every shot from the wreck, would subject them to the greatest danger of defeat, were the former disposed to prevent it.

Having reflected a few minutes on his situation, Captain Truck issued his final orders. The jolly-boat might carry a dozen men at need, though they would be crowded and much exposed to fire; and, he therefore, caused eight to get into her, and to pull out to the launch. Mr. Leach went with this party, for the double purpose of directing its



movements, and of being separated from his commander, in order that one of those who were of so much importance to the packet, might at least stand a chance of being saved. This separation also was effected without alarming the Arabs, though Captain Truck observed that the sheik watched the proceeding narrowly.

As soon as Mr. Leach had reached the launch he caused a light kedge to be put into the jolly-boat, and coils of the lightest rigging he had were laid on the top of it, or were made on the bows of the launch. As soon as this was done, the boat was pulled a long distance off from the land, paying out the ropes first from the launch, and then from the boat itself, until no more of the latter remained. The kedge was then dropped, and the men in the launch began to haul in upon the ropes that were attached to it. As the jolly-boat returned immediately, and her crew joined in the work, the line of boats, the kedge by which they had previously ridden

having been first raised, began slowly to recede from the shore.

Captain Truck had rightly conjectured the effect of this movement. It was so unusual and so gradual, that the launch and the raft were warped up to the kedge, before the Arabs fully comprehended its nature. The boats were now more than a quarter of a mile from the wreck, for Mr. Leach had run out quite two hundred fathoms of small rope, and of course, so distant as greatly to diminish the danger from the muskets of the Arabs, though still within reach of their range. Near an hour was passed in effecting this point, which as the sea and wind were both rising, could not probably have been effected in any other manner, half as soon, if at all.

The state of the weather, and the increasing turbulence of the barbarians, now rendered it extremely desirable to all on the rocks to be in their boats again. A very moderate blow would compel them to abandon their hard-earned advantages, and it began to be

pretty evident, from the manners of those around them, that amity could not much longer be maintained. Even the old sheik retired, and, instead of going to the wreck, he joined the party on the beach, where he was seen in earnest conversation with several other old men, all of whom gesticulated vehemently, as they pointed towards the boats and to the party on the rocks.

Mr. Leach now pulled in towards the bar, with both the jolly-boats and the cutter, having only two oars each, half his men being left in the launch. This was done that the people might not be crowded at the critical moment, and that, at need, there might be room to fight as well as to row; all these precautions having been taken in consequence of Captain Truck's previous orders. When the boats reached the rocks, the people did not hurry into them; but a quarter of an hour was passed in preparations, as if they were indifferent about proceeding, and even then, the jolly-boat alone took in a portion, and pulled leisurely without the bar. Here she lay on

her oars, in order to cover the passage of the other boats, if necessary, with her fire. The cutter imitated this manœuvre, and the boat of the wreck went last. Captain Truck quitted the rock after all the others, though his embarkation was made rapidly by a prompt and sudden movement.

Not a shot was fired, however, and contrary to his own most ardent hopes, the captain found himself at the launch, with all his people unhurt, and with all the spars he had so much desired to obtain. The forbearance of the Arabs was a mystery to him, for he had fully expected hostilities would commence, every moment, for the last two hours. Nor was he yet absolutely out of danger, though there was time to pause and look about him, and to take his succeeding measures more deliberately. The first report was a scarcity of both food and water. For both these essentials the men had depended on the wreck, and, in the eagerness to secure the foremast, and subsequently to take care of themselves, these important requisites had been overlooked, quite pro-

bably, too, as much from a knowledge that the Montauk was so near, as from hurry. Still, both were extremely desirable, if not indispensable to men who had the prospect of many hours' hard work before them ; and Captain Truck's first impulse was to despatch a boat to the ship for supplies. This intention was reluctantly abandoned, however, on account of the threatening appearance of the weather.

There was no danger of a gale, but a smart sea breeze was beginning to set in, and the surface of the ocean was, as usual, getting to be agitated. Changing all his plans, therefore, the captain turned his immediate attention to the safety of the all-important spars.

"We can eat to-morrow, men," he said ; "but if we lose these sticks, our chance for getting any more will indeed be small. Take a gang on the raft, Mr. Leach, and double all the lashings, while I see that we get an offing. If the wind rises any more, we shall need it, and even then be worse off than we could wish."



The mate passed upon the raft, and set about securing all the spars by additional fastenings; for the working, occasioned by the sea, already rendered them loose, and liable to separate. While this was in train, the two jolly-boats took in lines and kedges, of which, luckily, they had one that was brought from the packet, besides two found in the wreck, and pulled off into the ocean. As soon as one kedge was dropped, that by which the launch rode was tripped, and the boats were hauled up to it, the other jolly-boat proceeding on to renew the process. In this manner, in the course of two more hours, the whole, raft and all, were warped broad off from the land, and to windward, quite two miles, when the water became so deep that Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to cease.

“I would gladly work our way into the offing in this mode, three or four leagues,” he said, “by which means we might make a fair wind of it. As it is, we must get all clear, and do as well as we can. Rig the masts in the launch, Mr. Leach, and we will

see what can be done with this dull craft we have in tow."

While this order was in course of execution, the glass was used to ascertain the manner in which the Arabs were occupied. To the surprise of all in the boats, every soul of them had disappeared. The closest scrutiny could not detect one near the wreck, on the beach, nor even at the spot where the tents had so lately stood.

"They are all off, by George!" cried Captain Truck, when fully satisfied of the fact. "Camels, tents and Arabs! The rascals have loaded their beasts already, and most probably have gone to hide their plunder, that they may be back and make sure of a second haul, before any of their precious brother vultures, up in the sands, get a scent of the carrion. D—n the rogues; I thought at one time they had me in a category! Well, joy be with them! Mr. Monday, I return you my hearty thanks for the manly, frank, and diplomatic manner in which you have discharged the duties of your mission. Without you we might not have

succeeded in getting the foremast. Mr. Dodge, you have the high consolation of knowing that, throughout this trying occasion, you have conducted yourself in a way no other man of the party could have done."

Mr. Monday was sleeping off the fumes of the *schnaps*, but Mr. Dodge bowed to the compliment, and foresaw many capital things for the journal, and for the columns of the *Active Inquirer*. He even began to meditate a book.

Now commenced much the most laborious and critical part of the service that Captain Truck had undertaken, if we except the collision with the Arabs—that of towing all the heavy spars of a large ship, in one raft, in the open sea near a coast, and with the wind blowing on shore. It is true he was strong-handed, being able to put ten oars in the launch, and four in all the other boats; but, after making sail, and pulling steadily for an hour, it was discovered that all their exertions would not enable them to reach the ship, if the wind stood, before the succeeding day. The drift

to leeward, or towards the beach, was seriously great, every heave of the sea setting them bodily down before it ; and by the time they were half a mile to the southward, they were obliged to anchor, in order to keep clear of the breakers, which by this time extended fully a mile from shore.

Decision was fortunately Captain Truck's leading quality. He foresaw the length and severity of the struggle that was before them, and the men had not been pulling ten minutes, before he ordered Mr. Leach, who was in the cutter, to cast off his line and to come alongside the launch.

"Pull back to the wreck, sir," he said, "and bring off all you can lay hands on, in the way of bread, water, and other comforts. We shall make a night of it, I see. We will keep a look-out for you, and if any Arabs heave in sight on the plain, a musket will be fired ; if so many as to render a hint to abscond necessary, two muskets will be fired, and the mainsail of the launch will be furled for two

minutes ; more time than that we cannot spare you."

Mr. Leach obeyed this order, and with great success. Luckily the cook had left the coppers full of food, enough to last twenty-four hours, and this had escaped the Arabs, who were ignorant where to look for it. In addition, there was plenty of bread and water, and "a bull of Jamaica" had been discovered, by the instinct of one of the hands, which served admirably to keep the people in good humour. This timely supply had arrived just as the launch anchored, and Mr. Truck welcomed it with all his heart ; for without it, he foresaw he should soon be obliged to abandon his precious prize.

When the people were refreshed, the long and laborious process of warping off the land was resumed, and, in the course of two hours more, the raft was gone fully a league into the offing, a shoal permitting the kedges to be used farther out this time than before. Then sail was again made, and the oars were once more



plied. But the sea still proved their enemy, though they had struck the current which began to set them south. Had there been no wind and sea the progress of the boats would now have been comparatively easy and quick ; but these two adverse powers drove them in towards the beach so fast, that they had scarcely made two miles from the wreck when they were compelled a second time to anchor.

No alternative remained but to keep warping off in this manner, and then to profit by the offing they had made as well as they could, the result bringing them at sunset nearly up with the headland that shut out the view of their own vessel, from which Captain Truck now calculated that he was distant a little less than two leagues. The wind had freshened, and though it was not by any means so strong as to render the sea dangerous, it increased the toil of the men to such a degree, that he reluctantly determined to seek out a proper anchorage, and to give his wearied people some rest.

It was not in the power of the seamen to

carry their raft into any haven, for to the northward of the headland, or on the side on which they were, there was no reef, nor any bay, to afford them shelter. The coast was one continued waving line of sand-banks, and in most places, when there was a wind, the water broke at the distance of a mile from the beach; the precise spot where the Dane had stranded his vessel, having most probably been chosen for that purpose, with a view to save the lives of the people. Under these circumstances nothing remained but to warp off again to a safe distance, and to secure the boats as well as they could for the night. This was effected by eight o'clock, and Captain Truck gave the order to let go two additional kedges, being determined not to strike adrift in the darkness, if it was in his power to prevent it. When this was done, the people had their suppers, a watch was set, and the remainder went to sleep.

As the three passengers had been exempted from the toil, they volunteered to look out for the safety of the boats until midnight, in order

that the men might obtain as much rest as possible; and half an hour after the crew were lost in the deep slumber of seamen, Captain Truck and these gentlemen were seated in the launch, holding a dialogue on the events of the day.

“You found the Arabs conversable and ready at the cup, Mr. Monday?” observed the captain, lighting a cigar, which with him was a never-failing sign for a gossip. “Men that, if they had been sent to school young, taught to dance, and were otherwise civilized, might make reasonably good shipmates, in this roving world of ours?”

“Upon my word, sir, I look upon the sheik as uncommonly gentlemanlike, and altogether as a good fellow. He took his glass without any grimaces, smiled whenever he said anything, though I could not understand a word he said, and answered all my remarks quite as civilly as if he spoke English. I must say, I think Mr. Dodge manifested a want of consideration in quitting his company with so little ceremony. The gentleman was hurt, I’ll

answer for it, and he would say as much if he could only make out to explain himself on the subject. Sir George, I regret we had not the honour of your company on the occasion, for I have been told these Arabs have a proper respect for the nobility and gentry. Mr. Dodge and myself were but poor substitutes for a gentleman like yourself."

The trained humility of Mr. Monday was little to the liking of Mr. Dodge, who by the sheer force of the workings of envy had so long been endeavouring to persuade others that he was the equal of any and every other man,—a delusion, however, in which he could not succeed in persuading himself to fall into, and he was not slow in exhibiting the feeling it awakened.

"Sir George Templemore has too just a sense of the rights of nations to make this distinction, Mr. Monday," he said. "If I left the Arab sheik a little abruptly, it was because I disliked his ways; for I take it Africa is a free country, and that no man is obliged to remain longer in a tent than it suits his own

convenience. Captain Truck knows that I was merely running down to the beach to inform him that the sheik intended to follow, and he no doubt appreciates my motive."

"If not, Mr. Dodge," put in the captain, "like other patriots, you must trust to posterity to do you justice. The joints and sinews are so differently constructed in different men that one never knows exactly how to calculate on speed; but this much I will make affidavit to, if you wish it, on reaching home, and that is, that a better messenger could not be found than Mr. Steadfast Dodge, for a man in a hurry. Sir George Templemore, we have had but few of your opinions since we came out on this expedition, and I should be gratified to hear your sentiments concerning the Arabs, and anything else that may suggest itself at the moment."

"Oh, captain! I think the wretches odiously dirty, and judging from appearances, I should say sadly deficient in comforts."

"In the way of breeches in particular; for I am inclined to think, Sir George, you are



master of more than are to be found in their whole nation. Well, gentlemen, one must certainly travel who wishes to see the world ; but for this sheer down here upon the coast of Africa, neither of us might have ever known how an Arab lives, and what a nimble wrecker he makes. For my own part, if the choice lay between filling the office of Jemmy Ducks, on board the Montauk, and that of sheik in this tribe, I should, as we say in America, Mr. Dodge, leave it to the people, and do all in my power to obtain the first situation. Sir George, I'm afraid all these *county tongues*, as Mr. Dodge calls them, in the way of wind and weather, will quite knock the buffalo hunt on the Prairies in the head, for this fall at least."

"I beg, Captain Truck, you will not discredit my French in this way. I do not call a disappointment '*county tongues*,' but '*contra toms*;' the phrase probably coming from some person of the name of *tom*, who was *contra*, or opposed to every one else."

"Perfectly explained, and as clear as bilge-

water. Sir George, has Mr. Dodge mentioned to you the manner in which these Arabs enjoy life. The gentlemen, by way of saving dish-water, eat half-a-dozen at a time out of the same plate. Quite Republican, and altogether without pride, Mr. Dodge, in their notions !”

“ Why, sir, many of their habits struck me as being simple and praiseworthy, during the short time I remained in their country ; and I dare say, one who had leisure to study them might find materials for admiration. I can readily imagine situations in which a man has no right to appropriate a whole dish to himself.”

“ No doubt, and he who wishes a thing so unreasonable must be a great hog ! What a thing is sleep ! Here are these fine fellows as much lost to their dangers and toils as if at home, and tucked in by their careful and pious mothers. Little did the good souls who nursed them, and sung pious songs over their cradles, fancy the hardships they were bringing them up to ! But we never know our fates, or miserable dogs most of us would be. Is it not so, Sir George ?”

The baronet started at this appeal, which crossed the quaint mind of the captain as a cloud darkens a sunny view, and he muttered a hasty expression of hope that there was now no particular reason to expect any farther serious obstacles to their reaching the ship.

“It is not an easy thing to tow a heavy raft in light boats like these, exactly in the direction you wish it to go,” returned the captain gaping. “He who trusts to the winds and waves, trusts an uncertain friend, and one who may fail him at the very moment when there is most need for his services. Fair as things now seem, I would give a thousand dollars of a small stock, in which no single dollar has been lightly earned, to see these spars safely on board the Montauk, and snugly fitted to their proper places. Sticks, gentlemen, are to a ship what limbs are to a man. Without them she rolls and tumbles about as winds, currents, and seas will; while with them she walks, and dances, and jumps Jem Crow, ay, almost talks. The standing rigging are the bones and gristle; the running gear the veins

in which her life circulates ; and the blocks the joints."

"And which is the heart?" asked Sir George.

"Her heart is the master. With a sufficient commander no stout ship is ever lost, so long as she has a foot of water beneath her false keel, or a ropeyarn left to turn to account."

"And yet the Dane had all these."

"All but the water. The best craft that was ever launched is of less use than a single camel, if laid high and dry on the sands of Africa. These poor wretches truly ! And yet their fate might have been ours, though I thought little of the risk while we were in the midst of the Arabs. It is still a mystery to me why they let us escape, especially as they so soon deserted the wreck. They were strong-handed, too ; counting all who came and went, I think not less than several hundreds."

The captain now became silent and thoughtful, and as the wind continued to rise he began to feel uneasiness about his ship. Once or

twice he expressed a half-formed determination to pull to her in one of the light boats, in order to look after her safety in person, and then he abandoned it, as he witnessed the rising of the sea, and the manner in which the massive raft caused the cordage by which it was held to strain. At length he too fell asleep, and we shall leave him and his party for awhile, and return to the Montauk, to give an account of what occurred on board that ship.



## CHAPTER IX.

Nothing beside remains ! Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

SHELLEY.

As Captain Truck was so fully aware of the importance of rapid movements to the success of his enterprise, it will be remembered that he left in the ship no seaman, no servant, except Saunders the steward, and in short, no men, but the two Messrs. Effingham, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, and the other person just mentioned. If to these be added, Eve Effingham, Mademoiselle Vieffville, Ann Sidley, and a French *femme de chambre*, the whole party will be enumerated. At first, it had been the intention of the master to leave one of his mates behind him, but, encouraged by the

secure berth he had found for his vessel, the great strength of his moorings, the little hold the winds and waves could get of spars so robbed of their proportions, and of a hull so protected by the reef, and feeling a certain confidence in the knowledge of Mr. Blunt, who, several times during the passage, had betrayed a great familiarity with ships, he came to the decision named, and had formally placed the last-named gentleman in full charge, *ad interim*, of the Montauk.

There was a solemn and exciting interest in the situation of those who remained in the vessel, after the party of bustling seamen had left them. The night came in bland and tranquil, and although there was no moon, they walked the deck for hours with strange sensations of enjoyment, mingled with those of loneliness and desertion. Mr. Effingham and his cousin retired to their rooms long before the others, who continued their exercise with a freedom and an absence of restraint, that they had not before felt, since subjected to the confinement of the ship.

“Our situation is at least novel,” Eve observed, “for a party of Parisians, Vienners, Romans, or by whatever name we may be properly styled.”

“Say Swiss, then,” returned Mr. Blunt; “for I believe that even the cosmopolite has a claim to choose his favourite residence.”

Eve understood the allusion, which carried her back to the weeks they had passed in company, among the grand scenery of the Alps; but she would not betray the consciousness, for, whatever may be the ingenuousness of a female, she seldom loses her sensitiveness on the subject of her more cherished feelings.

“And do you prefer Switzerland to all the other countries of your acquaintance?” asked Mr. Sharp: “England I leave out of the question, for, though we, who belong to the island, see so many charms in it, it must be conceded that strangers seldom join us very heartily in its praises. I think most travellers would give the palm to Italy.”

“I am quite of the same opinion,” returned the other; “and were I to be confined to a

choice of a residence for life, Italy should be my home. Still, I think, that we like change in our residence, as well as in the seasons. Italy is summer, and one, I fear, would weary of even an eternal June."

"Is not Italy rather autumn, a country in which the harvest is gathered, and where one begins already to see the fall of the leaf?"

"To me," said Eve, "it would be an eternal summer; as things are eternal with young ladies. My ignorance would be always receiving instruction, and my tastes improvements. But, if Italy be summer, or autumn, what is poor America?"

"Spring of course," civilly answered Mr. Sharp.

"And, do you, Mr. Blunt, who seem to know all parts of the world equally well, agree in giving *our* country, *my* country at least, this encouraging title?"

"It is merited in many respects, though there are others in which the term winter would perhaps be better applied. America is a country not easily understood; for, in some par-

particulars, like Minerva, it has been born full-grown; while, in others, it is certainly still an infant."

"In what particulars do you especially class it with the latter?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"In strength, to commence," answered the other, slightly smiling; "in opinions, too, and in tastes, and perhaps in knowledge. As to the latter essential, however, and practical things as well as in the commoner comforts, America may well claim to be in midsummer, when compared with other nations. I do not think you Americans, Miss Effingham, at the head of civilization certainly, as so many of your own people fancy; nor yet at the bottom, as so many of those of Mademoiselle Viefville and Mr. Sharp so piously believe."

"And what are the notions of the countrymen of Mr. Blunt, on the subject?"

"As far from the truth, perhaps, as any other. I perceive there exist some doubts as to the place of my nativity," he added, after a pause that denoted a hesitation, which all hoped was to end in his setting the matter



at rest, by a simple statement of the fact. "And I believe I shall profit by the circumstance, to praise and condemn at pleasure, since no one can impeach my candour, or impute either to partialities or prejudices."

"That must depend on the justice of your judgments. In one thing, however, you will have me on your side, and that is in giving the *pas* to delicious, dreamy Italy!—Though Mademoiselle Viefville will set this down as *lèse majesté* against *cher Paris*; and I fear, Mr. Sharp will think even London injured."

"Do you really hold London so cheap?" inquired the latter gentleman, with more interest than he himself was quite aware of betraying.

"Indeed, no. This would be to discredit my own tastes and knowledge. In a hundred things, I think London quite the finest town of Christendom. It is not Rome, certainly, and were it in ruins fifteen centuries, I question if people would flock to the banks of the Thames to dream away existence among its

crumbling walls ; but in conveniences, beauty of verdure, a mixture of park-like scenery, and architecture, and in magnificence of a certain sort, one would hardly know where to go, to find the equal of London."

"You say nothing of its society, Miss Effingham?"

"It would be presuming, in a girl of my limited experience, to speak of this. I hear so much of the good sense of the nation, that I dare not say aught against its society, and it would be affectation for me to pretend to commend it ; but as for your females, judging by my own poor means, they strike me as being singularly well cultivated and accomplished ; and yet—"

"Go on, I entreat you. Recollect we have solemnly decided in a general congress of states to be cosmopolites, until safe within Sandy Hook, and that *la franchise* is the *mot d'ordre*."

"Well, then, I should not certainly describe you English as a talking people," continued Eve, laughing. "In the way of society you

are quite as agreeable as a people, who never laugh and seldom speak, can possibly make themselves."

"*Et les jeunes Americaines?*" said Mademoiselle Viefville, laconically.

"My dear mademoiselle, your question is terrific! Mr. Blunt has actually informed me that *they* giggle!"

"*Quelle horreur!*"

"It is bad enough, certainly; but I ascribe the report to calumny. No; if I must speak, let me have Paris for its society, and Naples for its nature. As respects New York, Mr. Blunt, I suspend my judgment."

"Whatever may be the particular merit which shall most attract your admiration in favour of the great emporium, as the grandiloquent writers term the capital of your own state, I think I can venture to predict it will be neither of those just mentioned. Of society, indeed, New York has positively none: like London it has plenty of company, which is disciplined something like a regiment of militia composed of drafts from different bri-

gades, and which sometimes mistakes the drum-major for the colonel."

"I had fancied you a New Yorker, until now," observed Mr. Sharp.

"And why not now? Is a man to be blind to facts as evident as the noon-day sun, because he was born here or there? If I have told you an unpleasant truth, Miss Effingham, you must accuse *la franchise* of the offence. I believe you are not a Manhattanese?"

"I am a mountaineer; having been born at my father's country residence."

"This gives me courage then, for no one here will have his filial piety shocked."

"Not even yourself?"

"As for myself," returned Paul Blunt, "it is settled I am a cosmopolite in fact, while you are only a cosmopolite by convention. Indeed, I question if I might take the same liberties with either Paris or London, that I am about to take with palmy Mahattan. I should have little confidence in the forbearance of my auditors: Mademoiselle Viefville

would hardly forgive me, were I to attempt a criticism on the first, for instance."

"*C'est impossible!* you could not, Monsieur Blunt; *vous parlez trop bien Français* not to love *Paris*."

"I *do* love *Paris*, mademoiselle; and, what is more, I love *Londres*, or even *la Nouvelle Yorck*. As a cosmopolite, I claim this privilege, at least, though I can see defects in all. If you will recollect, Miss Effingham, that New York is a social bivouac, a place in which families encamp instead of troops, you will see the impossibility of its possessing a graceful, well-ordered, and cultivated society. Then the town is commercial; and no place of mere commerce can well have a reputation for its society. Such an anomaly, I believe, never existed. Whatever may be the usefulness of trade, I fancy few will contend that it is very graceful."

"Florence, of old?" said Eve.

"Florence and her commerce were peculiar, and the relations of things change with circumstances. When Florence was great, trade was



a monopoly, in few hands, and so conducted as to remove the principals from immediate contact with its affairs. The Medici traded in spices and silks, as men trade in politics, through agents. They probably never saw their ships, or had any farther connexion with their commerce, than to direct its spirit. They were more like the legislator who enacts laws to regulate trade, than the dealer who fingers a sample, smells at a wine, or nibbles a grain. The Medici were merchants, a class of men altogether different from the mere factors, who buy of one to sell to another, at a stated advance in price, and all of whose enterprise consists in extending the list of safe customers, and of doing what is called a "regular business." Monopolies do harm on the whole, but they certainly elevate the favoured few. The Medici and the Strozzi were both princes and merchants, while those around them were principally dependants. Competition, in our day, has let in thousands to share in the benefits, and the pursuit, while it is enlarged as a whole, has suffered in its parts by division."

“You surely do not complain that a thousand are comfortable and respectable to-day, for one that was *il magnifico*, three hundred years since?”

“Certainly not. I rejoice in the change; but we must not confound names with things. If we have a thousand mere factors for one merchant, society, in the general signification of the word, is clearly a gainer; but if we had one Medici for a thousand factors, society, in its particular signification, might also be a gainer. All I mean is, that, in lowering the pursuit, we have necessarily lowered its qualifications; in other words, every man in trade in New York, is no more a Lorenzo, than every printer’s devil is a Franklin.”

“Mr. Blunt cannot be an American!” cried Mr. Sharp; “for these opinions would be heresy.”

“*Jamais, jamais,*” joined the governess.

“You constantly forget the treaty of cosmopolitism. But a capital error is abroad concerning America on this very subject of commerce. In the way of merchandize alone,

there is not a Christian maritime nation of any extent, that has a smaller portion of its population engaged in trade of this sort than the United States of America. The nation, as a nation, is agricultural, though the state of transition, in which a country in the course of rapid settlement must always exist, causes more buying and selling of real property than is usual. Apart from this peculiarity, the Americans, as a whole people, have not the common European proportions of ordinary dealers."

"This is not the prevalent opinion," said Mr. Sharp.

"It is not, and the reason is, that all American towns, or nearly all that are at all known in other countries, are purely commercial towns. The trading portion of a community is always the concentrated portion, too, and of course, in the absence of a court, of a political, or of a social capital, it has the greatest power to make itself heard and felt, until there is a direct appeal to the other class. The elections commonly show quite

as little sympathy between the majority and the commercial classes as is consistent with the public welfare. In point of fact, America has but a very small class of real merchants, men who are the cause and not a consequence of commerce, though she has exceeding activity in the way of ordinary traffic. The portion of her people who are engaged as factors,—for this is the true calling of the man who is a regular agent between the common producer and the common consumer, — are of *a* high class as factors, but not of *the* high class of merchants. The man who orders a piece of silk to be manufactured at Lyons, at three francs a yard, to sell it in the regular course of the season to the retailer at three francs and a half, is no more a true merchant, than the attorney, who goes through the prescribed forms of the court in his pleadings, is a barrister.”

“I do not think these sentiments will be very popular at home, as Mr. Dodge says,” Eve laughingly remarked; “but when shall we reach that home! While we are talking

of these things, here are we, in an almost deserted ship, within a mile of the great Desert of Sahara! How beautiful are the stars, mademoiselle! we have never before seen a vault so studded with brilliants."

"That must be owing to the latitude," Mr. Sharp observed.

"Certainly. Can any one say in what latitude we are precisely?" As Eve asked this question, she unconsciously turned towards Mr. Blunt; for the whole party had silently come to the conclusion that he knew more of ships and navigation than all of them united.

"I believe we are not far from twenty-four, which is bringing us near the tropics, and places us quite sixteen degrees to the southward of our port. These two affairs of the chase and of the gale have driven us full twelve hundred miles from the course we ought to have taken."

"Fortunately, mademoiselle, there are none to feel apprehensions on our account, or, none whose interest will be so keen as to create a



very lively distress. I hope, gentlemen, you are equally at ease on this score ?”

This was the first time Eve had ever trusted herself to put an interrogatory that might draw from Paul Blunt any communication that would directly touch upon his connexions. She repented of the speech as soon as made, but causelessly, as it drew from the young man no answer. Mr. Sharp observed that his friends in England could scarcely know of their situation, until his own letters would arrive to relieve their minds. As for Mademoiselle Viefville, the hard fortune which reduced her to the office of a governess, had almost left her without natural ties.

“I believe we are to have watch and ward to-night,” resumed Eve, after the general pause had continued some little time. “Is it not possible for the elements to put us in the same predicament as that in which we found the poor Dane ?”

“Possible, certainly, but scarcely probable,” returned Mr. Blunt. “The ship is well moored, and this narrow ledge of rocks, between

us and the ocean, serves admirably for a break-water. One would not like to be stranded, helpless as we are, at this moment, on a coast like this !”

“Why so particularly helpless? You allude to the absence of our crew?”

“To that, and to the fact that, I believe, we could not muster as much as a pocket-pistol to defend ourselves with, everything in the shape of fire-arms having been sent with the party in the boats.”

“Might we not lie on the beach, here, for days, even weeks,” inquired Mr. Sharp, “without being discovered by the Arabs?”

“I fear not. Mariners have told me that the barbarians hover along the shores, especially after gales, in the hope of meeting with wrecks, and that it is surprising how soon they gain intelligence of any disaster. It is seldom there is even an opportunity to escape in a boat.”

“I hope here, at least, we are safe?” cried Eve, in a little terror, and shuddering, as much in playfulness as in real alarm.

“I see no grounds of concern where we are, so long as we can keep the ship off the shore. The Arabs have no boats, and if they had, they would not dare to attack a vessel that floated, in one, unless aware of her being as truly helpless as we happen at this moment to be.”

“This is a chilling consolation, but I shall trust in your good care, gentlemen. Mademoiselle, it is drawing near midnight, I believe.”

Eve and her companion then courteously wished the two young men good night, and retired to their state-rooms; Mr. Sharp remained an hour longer with Mr. Blunt, who had undertaken to watch the first few hours, conversing with a light heart, and gaily; for though there was a secret consciousness of rivalry between these two young men on the subject of Eve's favour, it was a generous and manly competition, in which each did the other ample justice. They talked of their travels, their views of customs and nations, their adventures in different countries, and of the

pleasure each had felt in visiting spots renowned by association or the arts ; but not a word was hazarded by either concerning the young creature who had just left them, and whom each still saw in his mind's eye, long after her light and graceful form had disappeared. At length Mr. Sharp went below, his companion insisting to be left alone, under the penalty of remaining up himself during the second watch. From this time, for several hours, there was no other noise in the ship than the tread of the solitary watchman. At the appointed period of the night a change took place, and he who had watched, slept ; while he who had slept, watched. Just as day dawned, however, Paul Blunt, who was in a deep sleep, felt a shake at his shoulder.

“ Pardon me,” cautiously whispered Mr. Sharp : “ I fear we are about to have a most unpleasant interruption to our solitude.”

“ Heavenly powers !—Not the Arabs ?”

“ I fear no less : but it is still too dark to be certain of the fact. If you will rise, we can

consult on the situation in which we are placed. I beg you to be quick."

Paul Blunt had hastily risen on an arm, and he now passed a hand over his brow, as if to make certain that he was awake. He had not undressed himself, and in another moment he stood on his feet in the middle of the state-room.

"This is too serious to allow of mistake. We will not alarm her, then; we will not give any alarm, sir, until certain of the calamity."

"In that I entirely agree with you," returned Mr. Sharp, who was perfectly calm, though evidently distressed. "I may be mistaken, and wish your opinion. All on board, but us two, are in a profound sleep."

The other drew on his coat, and in a minute both were on deck. The day had not yet dawned, and the light was scarce sufficient to distinguish objects even near as those on the reef, particularly when they were stationary. The rocks themselves, however, were visible in places, for the tide was out, and most of the upper portion of the ledge was bare. The



two gentlemen moved cautiously to the bows of the vessel, and, concealed by the bulwarks, Mr. Sharp pointed out to his companion the objects that had given him the alarm.

“Do you see the pointed rock a little to the right of the spot where the kedge is placed?” he said, pointing in the direction that he meant. “It is now naked, and yet I am quite certain there was an object on it, when I went below, that has since moved away.”

“It may have been a sea-bird; for we are so near the day, some of them are probably in motion. Was it large?”

“Of the size of a man’s head, apparently; but this is by no means all. Here, farther to the north, I distinguished three objects in motion, wading in the water, near the point where the rocks are never bare.”

“They may have been herons; the bird is often found in these low latitudes, I believe. I can discover nothing.”

“I would to God, I may have been mistaken, though I do not think I could be so much deceived.”

Paul Blunt caught his arm, and held it like one who listened intently.

“Heard you that?” he whispered hurriedly.

“It sounded like the clanking of iron.”

Looking around, the other found a handspike, and, passing swiftly up the heel of the bowsprit, he stood between the night-heads. Here he bent forward, and looked intently towards the lines of chains which lay over the bulwarks, as bow-fasts. Of these chains the parts led quite near each other, in parallel lines, and as the ship's moorings were taut, they were hanging in merely a slight curve. From the rocks, or the place where the kedges were laid, to a point within thirty feet of the ship, these chains were dotted with living beings crawling cautiously upward. It was even easy, at a second look, to perceive that they were men, stealthily advancing on their hands and feet.

Raising the handspike, Mr. Blunt struck the chains several violent blows. The effect was to cause the whole of the Arabs,—for it

could be no others,—suddenly to cease advancing, and to seat themselves astride on the chains.

“This is fearful,” said Mr. Sharp; “but we must die, rather than permit them to reach the ship.”

“We must. Stand you here, and if they advance, strike the chains. There is not an instant to lose.”

Paul Blunt spoke hurriedly, and, giving the other the handspike, he ran down to the bits, and commenced loosening the chains from their fastenings. The Arabs heard the clanking of the iron-rings, as he threw coil after coil on the deck, and they did not advance. Presently two parts yielded together beneath them, and then two more. These were the signals of a common retreat, and Mr. Sharp now plainly counted fifteen human forms as they scrambled back towards the reef, some hanging by their arms, some half in the water, and others lying along the chains, as best they might. Mr. Blunt having loosened the chains, so as to let their bights fall into the sea, the

ship slowly drifted astern and rode by her cables. When this was done, the two young men stood together in silence on the forecastle, as if each felt that all which had just occurred was some illusion.

“This is indeed terrible,” exclaimed Paul Blunt. “We have not even a pistol left! No means of defence,—nothing but this narrow belt of water between us and these barbarians! No doubt, too, they have fire-arms; and, as soon as it is light, they will render it unsafe even to remain on deck.”

Mr. Sharp took the hand of his companion and pressed it fervently. “God bless you!” he said in a stifled voice. “God bless you, for even this brief delay. But for this happy thought of yours, Miss Effingham,—the others—we should *all* have been, by this time, at the mercy of these remorseless wretches. This is not a moment for false pride or pitiful deceptions. I think either of us would willingly die to rescue that beautiful and innocent creature from a fate like this which threatens her in common with ourselves?”

“Cheerfully would I lay down my life to be assured that she was, at this instant, safe in a civilized and Christian country.”

These generous young men squeezed each other's hands, and at that moment no feeling of rivalry, or of competition even, entered the heart of either. Both were influenced by a pure and an ardent desire to serve the woman they loved, and it would be true to say, that scarce a thought of any but Eve was uppermost in their minds. Indeed so engrossing was their common care in her behalf, so much more terrible than that of any other person did her fate appear on being captured, that they forgot, for the moment, there were others in the ship, and others, too, who might be serviceable in arresting the very calamity they dreaded.

“They may not be a strong party,” said Paul Blunt, after a little thought, “in which case, failing of a surprise, they may not be able to muster a force sufficient to hazard an open attack until the return of the boats. We have,



God be praised ! escaped being seized in our sleep, and made unconscious victims of so cruel a fate. Fifteen or twenty will scarcely dare attempt a ship of this size, without a perfect knowledge of our feebleness, and particularly of our want of arms. There is a light gun on board, and it is loaded ; with this, too, we may hold them at bay, by not betraying our weakness. Let us awake the others, for there is not a moment for sleep. We are safe, at least, for an hour or two ; since, without boats, they cannot possibly find the means to board us in less than that time."

The two young men went below, unconsciously treading lightly, like those who moved about in the presence of an impending danger. Paul Blunt was in advance, and to his great surprise he met Eve at the door of the ladies' cabin, apparently awaiting their approach. She was dressed, for apprehension, and the novelty of their situation, had caused her to sleep in most of her clothes, and a few moments had sufficed for a hasty adjustment of the

toilet. Miss Effingham was pale, but a concentration of all her energies seemed to prevent the exhibition of any womanly terror.

“Something is wrong!” she said, trembling in spite of herself, and laying her hand unwittingly on the arm of Paul Blunt: “I heard the heavy fall of iron on the deck.”

“Compose yourself, dearest Miss Effingham, compose yourself, I entreat you. I mean, that we have come to awaken the gentlemen.”

“Tell me the worst, Powis, I implore you. I am equal, I think I am equal, to hearing it.”

“I fear your imagination has exaggerated the danger.”

“The coast?”

“Of that there is no cause for apprehension. The sea is calm, and our fasts are perfectly good.”

“The boats?”

“Will doubtless be back in good time.”

“Surely—surely,” said Eve, recoiling a step, as if she saw a monster, “not the Arabs?”

“ They cannot enter the ship, though a few of them are hovering about us. But for the vigilance of Mr. Sharp, indeed, we might have all been captured in our sleep. As it is, we have warning, and there is now little doubt of our being able to intimidate the few barbarians who have shown themselves, until Captain Truck shall return.”

“ Then from my soul, I thank you, Sir George Templemore, and for this good office will you receive the thanks of a father, and the prayers of all whom you have so signally served.”

“ Nay, Miss Effingham, although I find this interest in me so grateful that I have hardly the heart to lessen your gratitude, truth compels me to give it a juster direction. But for the promptitude of Mr. Blunt,—or as I now find I ought to address him, Mr. Powis,—we should truly have all been lost.”

“ We will not dispute about your merits, gentlemen. You have both deserved our most heartfelt thanks, and if you will awaken my father and Mr. John Effingham, I will arouse

Mademoiselle Viefville and my own women. Surely, surely, this is no time to sleep !”

The summons was given at the state-room doors, and the two young men returned to the deck, for they felt it was not safe to leave it long at such a moment. All was quite tranquil above, however, nor could the utmost scrutiny now detect the presence of any person on the reef.

“The rocks are cut off from the shore, farther to the southward by deeper water,” said Paul Blunt,—for we shall continue to call both gentlemen, except on particular occasions, by their *noms de guerre*,—“and when the tide is up the place cannot be forded. Of this the Arabs are probably aware ; and having failed in their first attempt, they will probably retire to the beach as the water is rising, as they might not like to be left on the riband of rock that will remain in face of the force that would be likely to be found in such a vessel.”

“May they not be acquainted with the absence of most of our people, and be bent on seizing the vessel before they can return ?”

“That indeed is the gloomy side of the conjecture, and it may possibly be too true; but as the day is beginning to break, we shall soon learn the worst, and anything is better than vague distrust.”

For some time the two gentlemen paced the quarter-deck together in silence. Mr. Sharp was the first to speak.

“The emotions natural to such an alarm,” he said, “have caused Miss Effingham to betray an incognito of mine, that I fear you find sufficiently absurd. It was quite accidental, I do assure you; as much so, perhaps, as it was motiveless.”

“Except as you might distrust American democracy,” returned Paul, smiling, “and feel disposed to propitiate it by a temporary sacrifice of rank and title.”

“I declare you do me injustice. My man, whose name is Sharp, had taken the state-room, and, finding myself addressed by his appellation, I had the weakness to adopt it, under the impression it might be convenient in a packet. Had I anticipated, in the least,



meeting with the Effinghams, I should not have been guilty of the folly, for Mr. and Miss Effingham are old acquaintances."

"While you are thus apologizing for a venial offence, you forget it is to a man guilty of the same error. I knew your person, from having seen you on the Continent ; and finding you disposed to go by the homely name of Sharp, in a moment of thoughtlessness, I took its counterpart, Blunt. A travelling name is sometimes convenient, though sooner or later I fancy all deceptions bring with them their own punishments."

"It is certain that falsehood requires to be supported by falsehood. Having commenced in untruth, would it not be expedient to persevere until we reach America. I, at least, cannot now assert a right to my proper name, without deposing an usurper !"

"It *will* be expedient for you, certainly, if it be only to escape the homage of that double-distilled democrat, Mr. Dodge. As for myself, few care enough about me to render it a matter of moment how I am styled ; though,

on the whole, I should prefer to let things stand as they are, for reasons I cannot well explain."

No more was said on the subject, though both understood that the old appellations were to be temporarily continued. Just as this brief dialogue ended, the rest of the party appeared on deck. All preserved a forced calmness, though the paleness of the ladies betrayed the intense anxiety they felt. Eve struggled with her fears on account of her father, who had trembled so violently, when the truth was first told him, as to be quite unmanned, but who now comported himself with dignity, though oppressed with apprehension almost to anguish. John Effingham was stern, and in the bitterness of his first sensations he had muttered a few imprecations on his own folly, in suffering himself to be thus caught without arms. Once the terrible idea of the necessity of sacrificing Eve, in the last resort, as an expedient preferable to captivity, had flashed across his mind; but the real tenderness he felt for her, and his better nature, soon banished the unna-

tural thought. Still, when he joined the party on deck, it was with a general but vague impression, that the moment was at hand when circumstances had required that they were all to die together. No one was more seemingly collected than Mademoiselle Viefville. Her life had been one of sacrifices, and she had now made up her mind that it was to pass away in a scene of violence; and with a species of heroism that is national, her feelings had been aroused to a sort of Roman firmness, and she was prepared to meet her fate with a composure equal to that of the men.

These were the first feelings and impressions of those who had been awakened from the security of the night, to hear the tale of their danger; but they lessened as the party collected in the open air, and began to examine into their situation by means of the steadily increasing light. As the day advanced, Paul Blunt, in particular, carefully examined the rocks near the ship, even ascending to the fore-top, from which elevation he overlooked the whole line of the reef, and something like hope

revived in every bosom, when he proclaimed the joyful intelligence that nothing having life was visible in that direction.

“ God be praised !” he said with fervour, as his foot touched the deck again on descending ; “ we have at least a respite from the attacks of these barbarians. The tide has risen so high they dare not stay on the rocks, lest they might be cut off ; for they probably think us stronger than we are, and armed. The light gun on the forecastle is loaded, gentlemen, though not shotted ; for there are no shot in the vessel, Saunders tells me ; and I would suggest the propriety of firing it, both to alarm the Arabs, and as a signal to our friends. The distance from the wreck is not so great but it might be heard, and I think they would at least send a boat to our relief. Sound flies fast, and a short time may bring us succour. The water will not be low enough for our enemies to venture on the reef again, under six or eight hours, and all may yet be well.”

This proposal was discussed, and it proving, on inquiry, that all the powder in the ship,

after loading the gun for this very purpose of firing a signal, had been taken in the boats, and that no second discharge could be made, it was decided to lose no more time, but to let their danger be known to their friends at once, if it were possible to send the sound so far. When this decision was come to, Mr. Blunt, aided by Mr. Sharp, made the necessary preparations without delay. The latter, though doing all he could to assist, envied the readiness, practical skill and intelligence, with which his companion, a man of cultivated and polished mind in higher things, performed every requisite act that was necessary to effect their purpose. Instead of hastily discharging the piece, an iron four-pound gun, Mr. Blunt first doubled the wad, which he drove home with all his force, and then he greased the muzzle, as he said, to increase the report.

“ I shall not attempt to explain the philosophy of this,” he added with a mournful smile, “ but all lovers of salutes and salvos will maintain that it is useful ; and be it so or not, too much depends on our making our-



selves heard, to neglect anything that has even a chance of aiding that one great object. If you will now assist me, Sir George, we will run the gun over to starboard, in order that it may be fired on the side next the wreck."

"Judging from the readiness you have shown on several occasions, as well as your familiarity with the terms, I should think you had served," returned the real baronet, as he helped his companion to place the gun at a port on the northern side of the vessel.

"You have not mistaken my trade. I was certainly bred, almost born, a seaman; and though as a traveller I have now been many years severed from my early habits, little of what I knew has been lost. Were there five others here, who had as much familiarity as myself with vessels, I think we could carry the ship outside the reef, crippled as she is, and set the Arabs at defiance. Would to God our worthy captain had never brought her inside."

"He did all for the best, no doubt?"

"Beyond a question; and no more than a

commendable prudence required. Still he has left us in a most critical position. This priming is a little damp, and I distrust it. The coal, if you please."

"Why do you not fire?"

"At the last moment, I almost repent of my own expedient. Is it quite certain no pistols remain among any of our effects?"

"I fear not. Saunders reports that all, even to those of the smallest size, were put in requisition for the boats."

"The charge in this gun might serve for many pistols, or for several fowling-pieces. I might even sweep the reef, on an emergency, by using old iron for shot! It appears like parting with a last friend, to part with this single precious charge of gunpowder."

Nay, you certainly know best; though I rather think the Messrs. Effingham are of your first opinion."

"It is puerile to waver on such a subject, and I will hesitate no longer. There are moments when the air seems to float in the direc-

tion of our friends ; on the first return of one of those currents, I will fire."

A minute brought the opportunity, and Paul Blunt, or Paul Powis, as his real name would now appear to be, applied the coal. The report was sharp and lively ; but as the smoke floated away, he again expressed his doubts of the wisdom of what had just been done. Had he then known that the struggling sounds had diffused themselves in their radii, without reaching the wreck, his regrets would have been increased fourfold. This was a fact, however, that could not be then ascertained, and those in the packet were compelled to wait two or three hours before they even got the certainty of their failure.

As the light increased a view was obtained of the shore, which seemed as silent and deserted as the reef. For half an hour the whole party experienced the revulsion of feeling that accompanies all great changes of emotion, and the conversation had even got to be again cheerful, and to turn into its former channels,

when suddenly a cry from Saunders renewed the alarm. The steward was preparing the breakfast in the gally, from which he gave occasional uneasy glances towards the land, and his quick eye had been the first to detect a new and still more serious danger that now menaced them.

A long train of camels was visible, travelling across the desert, and holding its way towards the part of the reef which touched the shore. At this point, too, were now to be seen some twenty Arabs, waiting the arrival of their friends; among whom it was fair to conclude were those who had attempted to carry the ship by surprise. As the events which next followed were closely connected with the policy and forbearance of the party of barbarians near the wreck, this will be a suitable occasion to explain the motives of the latter, in not assailing Captain Truck, and the real state of things among these children of the desert.

The Dane had been driven ashore, as conjectured, in the last gale, and the crew had

immediately been captured by a small wandering party of the Arabs, with whom the coast was then lined; as is usually the case immediately after tempestuous weather. Unable to carry off much of the cargo, this party had secured the prisoners, and hurried inland to an oasis, to give the important intelligence to their friends; leaving scouts on the shore, however, that they might be early apprised of any similar disaster, or of any change in the situation of their present prize. These scouts had discovered the *Montauk*, drifting along the coast, dismasted and crippled, and they had watched her to her anchorage within the reef. The departure of her boats had been witnessed, and, though unable to foresee the whole object of this expedition, the direction taken pointed out the wreck as the point of destination. All this, of course, had been communicated to the chief men of the different parties on the coast, of which there were several, who had agreed to unite their forces to secure the second ship, and then to divide the spoils.



When the Arabs reached the coast near the wreck, that morning, the elders among them were not slow in comprehending the motives of the expedition ; and, having gained a pretty accurate idea of the number of the men employed about the Dane, they had come to the just conclusion that few were left in the vessel at anchor. They had carried off the spy-glass of their prize, too, and several among them knew its use, from having seen similar things in other stranded ships. By means of this glass, they discovered the number and quality of those on board the Montauk, as soon as there was sufficient light, and directed their own operations accordingly. The parties that had appeared and disappeared behind the sandy ridges of the desert, about the time at which we have now arrived in the narrative, and those who have already been mentioned in a previous chapter, were those who came from the interior, and those who went in the direction of the reef; the first of the latter of which Saunders had just discovered. Owing to the rounded formation of the coast, and

to the intervention of a head-land, the distance by water between the two ships was quite double that by land between the two encampments, and those who now arrived abreast of the packet, deliberately pitched their tents, as if they depended more on a display of their numbers for success than on concealment, and as if they felt no apprehension of the return of the crew.

When the gentlemen had taken a survey of this strong party, which numbered more than a hundred, they held a consultation of the course it would be necessary to pursue. To Paul Blunt, as an avowed seaman, and as one who had already shown the promptitude and efficiency of his resources, all eyes were turned in expectation of an opinion.

“So long as the tide keeps in,” this gentleman observed, “I see no cause for apprehensions. We are beyond the reach of musketry, or at all events, any fire of the Arabs at this distance must be uncertain and harmless; and we have always the hope of the arrival of the boats. Should this fail us, and the tide

fall this afternoon as low as it fell in the morning, our situation will indeed become critical. The water around the ship may possibly serve as a temporary protection, but the distance to the reef is so small, that it might be passed by swimming."

"Surely we could make good the vessel against men raising themselves out of the water, and clambering up a vessel's side?" said Mr. Sharp.

"It is probable we might, if unmolested from the shore. But, imagine twenty or thirty resolute swimmers to put off together for different parts of the vessel, protected by the long muskets these Arabs carry, and you will easily conceive the hopelessness of any defence. The first man among us, who should show his person to meet the boarders, would be shot down like a dog."

"It was a cruel oversight to expose us to this horrible fate!" exclaimed the appalled father.

"This is easier seen now than when the mistake was committed," observed John Effing-

ham. "As a seaman, and with his important object in view, Captain Truck acted for the best, and we should acquit him of all blame, let the result be what it may. Regrets are useless, and it remains for us to devise some means to arrest the danger by which we are menaced, before it be too late. Mr. Blunt, you must be our leader and counsellor: is it not possible for us to carry the ship outside of the reef, and to anchor her beyond the danger of our being boarded?"

"I have thought of this expedient, and if we had a boat it might possibly be done, in this mild weather; without a boat it is impossible."

"But we have a boat," glancing his eye towards the launch that stood in the chocks or chucks.

"One that would be too unwieldy for our purposes, could it be got into the water; a thing in itself that would be almost impracticable for us to achieve."

A long silence succeeded, during which the gentlemen were occupied in the bootless effort

of endeavouring to devise expedients to escape the Arabs; bootless, because on such occasions, the successful measure is commonly the result of a sort of sudden inspiration, rather than of continued and laborious thought.



## CHAPTER X.

With religious awe  
Grief heard the voice of Virtue. No complaint  
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceased to flow.

GLOVER.

HOPE is the most treacherous of all human fancies. So long as there is a plausible ground to expect relief from any particular quarter, men will relax their exertions in the face of the most imminent danger, and they cling to their expectations long after reason has begun to place the chances of success on the adverse side of the scale. Thus it was with the party in the Montauk. Two or three precious hours were lost in the idle belief that the gun would be heard by Captain Truck, and that they might momentarily look for the appearance of, at least, one of the boats.

Paul Blunt was the first to relinquish this

delusion. He knew that, if it reached their friends at all, the report must have been heard in a few seconds, and he knew, also, that it peculiarly belonged to the profession of a seaman to come to quick decisions. An hour of smart rowing would bring the cutter from the wreck to the headland, where it would be visible, by means of a glass, from the fore-top. Two hours had now passed away and no signs of any boat were to be discovered, and the young man felt compelled reluctantly to yield all the strong hopes of timely aid that he had anticipated from this quarter. John Effingham, who had much more energy of character than his kinsman, though not more personal fortitude and firmness, was watching the movements of their young leader, and he read the severe disappointment in his face, as he descended the last time from the top, where he had often been since the consultation, to look out for the expected succour.

“I see it in your countenance,” said that gentleman; “we have nothing to look for from the boats. Our signal has not been heard.”

“There is no hope, and we are now thrown altogether on our own exertions, aided by the kind providence of God.”

“This calamity is so sudden and so dire, that I can scarcely credit it! Are we then truly in danger of becoming prisoners to barbarians? Is Eve Effingham, the beautiful, innocent, good, angelic daughter of my cousin, to be their victim!—perhaps the inmate of a seraglio!”

“There is the pang! Had I a thousand bodies, a thousand lives, I could give all of the first to unmitigated suffering, lay down all the last to avert so shocking a calamity. Do you think the ladies are sensible of their real situation?”

“They are uneasy rather than terrified. In common with us all they have strong hopes from the boats, though the continued arrival of the barbarians, who are constantly coming into their camp, has helped to render them a little more conscious of the true nature of the danger.”

Here Mr. Sharp, who stood on the hurri-

cane-house, called out for the glass, in order to ascertain what a party of the Arabs, who were collected near the in-shore end of the reef, were about. Paul Blunt went up to him, and made the examination. His countenance fell as he gazed, and an expression like that of hopelessness was again apparent on his fine features, when he lowered the glass.

“Here is some new cause of uneasiness!”

“The wretches have got a number of spars, and are lashing them together to form a raft. They are bent on our capture, and I see no means of preventing it.”

“Were we alone, men only, we might have the bitter consolation of selling our lives dearly; but it is terrible to have those with us whom we can neither save nor yet devote to a common destruction with our enemies!”

“It is indeed terrible, and the helplessness of our situation adds to its misery.”

“Can we not offer terms. — Might not a promise of ransom, with hostages, do something? I would cheerfully remain in the

hands of the barbarians, in order to effect the release of the rest of the party."

Mr. Blunt grasped his hand, and for a moment, he envied the other the generous thought. But smiling bitterly, he shook his head, as if conscious of the futility of even this desperate self-devotion.

"Gladly would I be your companion ; but the project is, in every sense, impracticable. Ransom they might consent to receive with us all in their power, but not on the condition of our being permitted to depart. Indeed, no means of quitting them would be left ; for, once in possession of the ship, as in a few hours they must be, Captain Truck, though having the boats, will be obliged to surrender for want of food, or to run the frightful hazard of attempting to reach the islands, on an allowance scarcely sufficient to sustain life under the most favourable circumstances. These flint-hearted monsters are surrounded by the desolation of their desert, and they are aware of all their appalling advantages."



“The real state of things ought to be communicated to our friends, in order that they may be prepared for the worst.”

To this Mr. Blunt agreed, and they went together to inform John Effingham of the new discovery. This stern-minded man was, in a manner, prepared for the worst, and he now agreed on the melancholy propriety of letting his kinsman know the actual nature of the new danger that threatened them.

“I will undertake this unpleasant office,” he said, “though I could, in my inmost soul, pray that the necessity for it might pass away. Should the worst arrive, I have still hopes of effecting something by means of a ransom; but what will have been the fate of the youthful, and delicate, and lovely, ere we can make ourselves even comprehended by the barbarians! A journey in the desert, as these journeys have been described to me, would be almost certain death to all but the strongest of our party, and even gold may fail of its usual power, when weighed against the evil nature of savages.”

“Is there no hope, then, really left us?” demanded Mr. Sharp, when the last speaker had left them to descend to the cabins. “Is it not possible to get the boat into the water, and to make our escape in that?”

“That is an expedient of which I have thought, but it is next to impracticable. As anything is better than capture, however, I will make one more close examination of the proceedings of the demons, and look nearer into our own means.”

Paul Blunt now got a lead and dropped it over the side of the ship, in the almost forlorn hope that possibly she might lie over some hole on the bottom. The soundings proved to be, as indeed he expected, but a little more than three fathoms.

“I had no reason to expect otherwise,” he said, as he drew in the line, though he spoke like a disappointed man. “Had there been sufficient water the ship might have been scuttled, and the launch would have floated off the deck; but as it is, we should lose the vessel without a sufficient object. It would

appear heroic were you and I to contrive to get on the reef, and to proceed to the shore with a view to make terms with the Arabs; but there could be no real use in it, as the treachery of their character is too well established to look for any benefit from such a step."

"Might they not be kept in play, until our friends returned? Providence may befriend us in some unexpected manner in our uttermost peril."

"We will examine them once more with the glass. By a movement among the Arabs, there has probably been a new accession to their numbers."

The two gentlemen now ascended to the top of the hurricane-house again, in feverish haste, and once more they applied the instrument. A minute of close study induced Mr. Blunt to drop the glass, with an expression that denoted increased concern.

"Can anything possibly make our prospects worse?" eagerly inquired his companion.

"Do you not remember a flag that was on

board the Dane — that by which we identified his nation?"

"Certainly; it was attached to the halyards, and lay on the quarter-deck."

"That flag is now flying in the camp of these barbarians. You may see it, here, among the tents last pitched by the party that arrived while we were conversing forward."

"And from this, you infer —"

"That our people are captives! That flag was in the ship when we left it; had the Arabs returned before our party got there, the captain would have been back long ere this; and in order to obtain this ensign they must have obtained possession of the wreck, after the arrival of the boats; an event that could scarcely occur without a struggle: I fear the flag is a proof on which side the victory has fallen."

"This then would seem to consummate our misfortunes!"

"It does indeed; for the faint hope that existed, of being relieved by the boats, must now be entirely abandoned."

"In the name of God, look again, and see

in what condition the wretches have got their raft?"

A long examination followed, for on this point did the fate of all in the ship now truly seem to depend.

"They work with spirit," said Mr. Blunt, when his examination had continued a long time; "but it seems less like a raft than before,—they are lashing spars together lengthwise,—here is a dawning of hope, or what would be hope, rather, if the boats had escaped their fangs!"

"God bless you for the words!—what is there encouraging?"

"It is not much," returned Paul Blunt, with a mournful smile; "but trifles become of account in moments of extreme jeopardy. They are making a floating stage, doubtless with the intention to pass from the reef to the ship, and by veering on the chains we may possibly drop astern sufficiently to disappoint them in the length of their bridge. If I saw a hope of the final return of the boats, this expedient would not be without its use, particularly if



delayed to the last moment, as it might cause the Arabs to lose another tide, and a reprieve of eight or ten hours is an age to men in our situation."

Mr. Sharp caught eagerly at this suggestion, and the young men walked the deck together for half an hour, discussing its chances, and suggesting various means of turning it to the best account. Still, both felt convinced that the trifling delay which might thus be obtained, would, in the end, be perfectly useless, should Captain Truck and his party have really fallen into the hands of the common enemy. They were thus engaged, sometimes in deep despondency, and sometimes buoyant with revived expectations, when Saunders, on the part of Mr. Effingham, summoned them below.

On reaching the cabin, whither both immediately hastened, the two gentlemen found the family party in the distress that the circumstances would naturally create. Mr. Effingham was seated, his daughter's head resting on a knee, for she had thrown herself on the

carpet, by his side. Mademoiselle Viefville paced the cabin, occasionally stopping to utter a few words of consolation to her young charge, and then again reverting in her mind to the true dangers of their situation, with a force that completely undid all she had said, by betraying the extent of her own apprehensions. Anne Sidley knelt near her young mistress, sometimes praying fervently, though in silence, and at other moments folding her beloved in her arms, as if to protect her from the ruffian grasp of the barbarians. The *femme de chambre* was sobbing in a state-room, while John Effingham leaned, with his arms folded against a bulk-head, a picture of stern submission rather than of despair. The whole party was now assembled, with the exception of the steward, whose lamentations throughout the morning had not been noiseless, but who was left on deck to watch the movements of the Arabs.

The moment was not one of idle forms, and Eve Effingham, who would have recoiled, under other circumstances, at being seen by

her fellow travellers in her present situation, scarce raised her head, in acknowledgment of their melancholy salute, as they entered. She had been weeping, and her hair had fallen in profusion around her shoulders. The tears fell no longer, but a warm flushed look, one which denoted that a struggle of the mind had gotten the better of womanly emotions, had succeeded to deadly paleness, and rendered her loveliness of feature and expression bright and angelic. Both of the young men thought she had never seemed so beautiful, and both felt a secret pang, as the conviction forced itself on them, at the same instant, that this surpassing beauty was now likely to prove her most dangerous enemy.

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Effingham, with apparent calmness, and a dignity that no uneasiness could disturb, “my kinsman has acquainted us with the hopeless nature of our condition, and I have begged the favour of this visit on your own account. *We* cannot separate; the ties of blood and affection unite us, and our fate must be common; but, on

*you*, there is no such obligation. Young, bold, and active, some plan may suggest itself, by which you may possibly escape the barbarians, and at least save yourselves. I know that generous temperaments like yours will not be disposed to listen, at first, to such a suggestion ; but reflection will tell you that it is for the interest of us all. You may let our fate be known, earlier than it otherwise would be, to those who will take immediate measures to procure our ransoms."

"This is impossible !" Mr. Sharp said firmly. "We can never quit you ; could never enjoy a moment's peace under the consciousness of having been guilty of an act so selfish !"

"Mr. Blunt is silent," continued Mr. Effingham, after a short pause, in which he looked from one of the young men to the other. "He thinks better of my proposition, and will listen to his own best interests."

Eve raised her head quickly, but without being conscious of the anxiety she betrayed, and gazed with melancholy intentness at the subject of this remark.

“ I do credit to the generous feelings of Mr. Sharp,” Paul Blunt now hurriedly answered, “ and should be sorry to admit that my own first impulses were less disinterested ; but I confess I have already thought of this, and have reflected on all the chances of success or failure. It might be practicable for one who can swim, easily to reach the reef ; thence to cross the inlet, and possibly to gain the shore under cover of the opposite range of rocks, which are higher than those near us ; after which, by following the coast, one might communicate with the boats by signal, or even go quite to the wreck if necessary. All of this I have deliberated on, and once I had determined to propose it ; but—”

“ But what ? ” demanded Eve, quickly. “ Why not execute this plan, and save yourself ? Is it a reason, because our case is hopeless, that you should perish ! Go then, at once, for the moments are precious ; an hour hence it may be too late.”

“ Were it merely to save myself, Miss



Effingham, do you really think me capable of this baseness?"

"I do not call it baseness. Why should we draw you down with us in our misery? You have already served us, Powis, in a situation of terrible trial, and it is not just that you should always devote yourself in behalf of those who seem fated never to do you good. My father will tell you he thinks it your duty now to save yourself if possible."

"I think it the duty of every man," mildly resumed Mr. Effingham, when no imperious obligation requires otherwise, to save the life and liberty which God has bestowed. These gentlemen have doubtless ties and claims on them that are independent of us, and why should they inflict a pang on those who love them, in order to share in our disaster?"

"This is placing useless speculations before a miserable certainty," observed John Effingham. "As there can be no hope of reaching the boats, it is vain to discuss the propriety of the step."

"Is this true, Powis? Is there truly no

chance of your escaping. You will not deceive us — deceive yourself — on a vain point of empty pride !”

“ I can say with truth, almost with joy, for I thank God I am spared the conflict of judging between my duty and my feelings, that there can no longer be any chance of finding the wreck in the possession of our friends,” returned Paul fervently. “ There were moments when I thought the attempt should be made ; and it would perhaps have properly fallen to my lot to be the adventurer ; but we have now proof that the Arabs are masters, and if Captain Truck has escaped at all, it is under circumstances that scarcely admit the possibility of his being near the land. The whole coast must be watched and in possession of the barbarians, and one passing along it could hardly escape being seen.”

“ Might you not escape into the interior, notwithstanding ?” asked Eve, impetuously.

“ With what motive ? To separate myself from those who have been my fellows in misfortune, only to die of want, or to fall into the

hands of another set of masters. It is every way our interest to keep together, and to let those already on the coast become our captors, as the booty of two ships may dispose them to be less exacting with their prisoners."

"Slaves!" muttered John Effingham.

His cousin bowed his head over the delicate form of Eve, which he folded with his arms, as if to shield it from the blasts and evils of the desert.

"As we may be separated immediately on being taken," resumed Paul Blunt, "it will be well to adopt some common mode of acting, and a uniform account of ourselves, in order that we may impress the barbarians with the policy of carrying us, as soon as possible, into the vicinity of Mogadore, with a view to obtaining a speedy ransom."

"Can anything be better than the holy truth?" exclaimed Eve. "No, no, no! Let us not deform this chastening act of God by colouring any thought or word with deception."

"Deception in our case will hardly be need-

ed ; but by understanding those facts which will most probably influence the Arabs, we may dwell the most on them. We cannot do better than by impressing on the minds of our captors the circumstance that this is no common ship, a fact their own eyes will corroborate, and that we are not mere mariners, but passengers, who will be likely to reward their forbearance and moderation."

" I think, sir," interrupted Anne Sidley, looking up with tearful eyes from the spot where she still knelt, " that if these people knew how much Miss Eve is sought and beloved, they might be led to respect her as she deserves, and this at least would 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb !' "

" Poor Nanny !" murmured Eve, stretching forth a hand towards her old nurse, though her face was still buried in her own hair, " thou wilt soon learn that there is another leveller beside the grave !" "

" Ma'am !" "

" Thou wilt find that Eve, in the hands of barbarians, is not thy Eve. It will now be

my turn to become a handmaiden, and to perform for others offices a thousand times more humiliating than any thou hast ever performed for me."

Such a consummation of their misery had never struck the imagination of the simple-minded Anne, and she gazed at her child with tender concern, as if she distrusted her senses.

"This is too improbable, dear Miss Eve," she said, "and you will distress your father by talking so wildly. The Arabs are human beings though they are barbarians, and they will never dream of anything so wicked as this."

Mademoiselle Viefville made a rapid and fervent ejaculation in her own language, that was keenly expressive of her own sense of misery, and Anne Sidley, who always felt uneasiness when anything was said affecting Eve that she could not understand, looked from one to the other, as if she demanded an explanation.

"I'm sure mamerzelle cannot think any such thing likely to take place," she continued



more positively ; “and, sir, you at least will not permit Miss Eve to torment herself with any notions as unreasonable, as monstrous as this !”

“ We are in the hands of God, my worthy Anne, and you may live to see all your fixed ideas of propriety violated,” returned Mr. Effingham. “ Let us pray that we may not be separated, for there will at least be a tender consolation in being permitted to share our misery in company. Should we be torn asunder, then indeed will the infliction be one of insupportable agony !”

“ And who will think of such a cruelty, sir ? *Me* they cannot separate from Miss Eve, for I am her servant, her own long-tried, faithful attendant, who first held her in arms, and nursed her when a helpless infant ; and you too, sir, you are her father, her own beloved revered parent ; and Mr. John, is he not her kinsman, of her blood and name ? And even mamerzelle also has claims to remain with Miss Eve, for she has taught her many things, I dare to say, that it is good to know. Oh ! no, no, no !

no one has a right to tear us asunder, and no one will have the heart to do it."

"Nanny, Nanny," murmured Eve, "you do not, cannot know the cruel Arabs!"

"They cannot be crueller and more unforgiving than our own savages, ma'am, and they keep the mother with the child; and when they spare life, they take the prisoners into their huts, and treat them as they treat their own. God has caused so many of the wicked to perish for their sins, in these eastern lands, that I do not think a man can be left that is wretch enough to harm one like Miss Eve. Take courage then, sir, and put your trust in his Holy Providence. I know the trial is hard to a tender father's heart, but should their customs require them to keep the men and women asunder, and to separate you from your daughter, for a short time, remember that I shall be with her, as I was in her childhood, when, by the mercy of God, we carried her through so many mortal diseases in safety, and have got her, in the pride of her youth, without a blemish or a defect, the perfect creature she is."

“ If the world had no other tenants but such as you, devoted and simple-hearted woman, there would indeed be little cause for apprehension ; for you are equally unable to imagine wrong yourself, or to conceive it in others. It would remove a mountain from my heart, could I indeed believe that even you will be permitted to remain near this dependant and fragile girl, during the months of suffering and anguish that are likely to occur.”

“ Father,” said Eve, hurriedly drying her eyes, and rising to her feet with a motion so easy, and an effort so slight, that it appeared like the power of mere volition, — the superiority of the spirit over her light frame, — “ father, do not let a thought of me distress you at this awful moment. You have known me only in happiness and prosperity, — an indulged and indolent girl ; but I feel a force which is capable of sustaining me, even in this blank desert. The Arabs can have no other motive than to preserve us all, as captives

likely to repay their care with a rich ransom. I know that a journey, according to their habits, will be painful and arduous, but it may be borne. Trust, then, more to my spirit than to my feeble body, and you will find that I am not as worthless as I fear you fancy."

Mr. Effingham passed his arm round the slender waist of his child, and folded her almost frantically to his bosom. But Eve was aroused, and gently extricating herself, with bright but tearless eyes, she looked round at her companions, as if she would reverse the order of their sympathies, and direct them to their own wants and hazards.

"I know you think me the most exposed by this dreadful disaster," she said; "that I may not be able to bear up against the probable suffering, and that I shall sink first, because I am the feeblest and frailest in frame; but God permits the reed to bend, when the oak is destroyed. I am stronger, able to bear more than you imagine, and we shall all live

to meet again, in happier scenes, should it be our present hard fortune to be separated."

As Eve spoke, she cast affectionate looks on those dear to her by habit and blood, and services; nor did she permit an unnecessary reserve at such a moment to prevent glances of friendly interest towards the two young men, whose very souls seemed wrapped in her movements. Words of encouragement from such a source, however, only served to set the frightful truth more vividly before the minds of her auditors, and not one of them heard what she said who did not feel an awful presentiment that a few weeks of the suffering of which she made so light, did she even escape a crueller fate, would consign that form, now so winning and lovely, to the sands. Mr. Effingham now rose, and for the first time the flood of sensations that had been so long gathering in his bosom, seemed ready to burst through the restraints of manhood. Struggling to command himself, he turned to his two young male companions, and spoke with an impres-



siveness and dignity that carried with them a double force, from the fact of his ordinary manners being so tempered and calm.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “we may serve each other, by coming to an understanding in time ; or at least you may confer on me a favour that a life of gratitude would not repay. You are young and vigorous, bold and intelligent, qualities that will command the respect of even savages. The chances that one of you will survive to reach a Christian land are much greater than those of a man of my years, borne down as I shall be with the never-dying anxieties of a parent.”

“Father ! father !”

“Hush ! darling : let me entreat these gentlemen to bear us in mind, should they reach a place of safety ; for, after all, youth may do that in your behalf, which time will deny to John and myself. Money will be of no account, you know, to rescue my child from a fate far worse than death, and it may be some consolation to you, young men, to recollect, at

the close of your own careers, which I trust will yet be long and happy, that a parent, in his last moments, found a consolation in the justifiable hopes he had placed on your generous exertions."

"Father, I cannot bear this! For you, to be the victim of these barbarians is too much; and I would prefer trusting all to a raft on the terrible ocean, to incurring the smallest chance of such a calamity. Mademoiselle, you will join me in the entreaty to the gentlemen to prepare a few planks to receive us, where we can perish together, and at least have the consolation of knowing that our eyes will be closed by friends. The longest survivor will be surrounded and supported by the spirits of those who have gone before, into a world devoid of care."

"I have thought this from the first," returned Mademoiselle Vieffville in French, with an energy of manner that betokened a high and resolved character: "I would not expose gentlewomen to the insults and outrages of

barbarians ; but did not wish to make a proposition that the feelings of others might reject."

"It is a thousand times preferable to capture, if indeed it be practicable," said John Effingham, looking inquiringly towards Paul. The latter, however, shook his head in the negative, for, the wind blowing on shore, he knew it would be merely meeting captivity without the appearance of a self-reliance and dignity, that might serve to impress their captors favourably.

"It is impossible," said Eve, reading the meaning of the glances, and dropping on her knees before Mr. Effingham : "well, then, may our trust be in God ! We have yet a few minutes of liberty, and let them not be wasted idly, in vain regrets. Father, kiss me, and give me once more that holy and cherished blessing, with which you used to consign me to sleep, in those days when we scarce dreamed of, never realized, misfortune."

"Bless you, bless you, my babe ; my be-

loved, my cherished Eve!" said the father solemnly, but with a quivering lip. "May that dread Being whose ways, though mysterious, are perfect wisdom and mercy, sustain you in this trial, and bring you at last, spotless in spirit and person, to his own mansions of peace. God took from me early thy sainted mother, and I had impiously trusted in the hope that thou wert left to be my solace in age. Bless you, my Eve; I shall pray God, without ceasing, that thou mayest pass away as pure and as worthy of His love, as her to whom thou owest thy being."

John Effingham groaned; the effort he made to repress his feelings causing the out-breaking of his soul to be deep though smothered.

"Father, let us pray together. Anne, my good Anne, thou who first taught me to lisp a thanksgiving and a request, kneel here by my side—and you, too, mademoiselle; though of a different creed, we have a common God! Cousin John, you pray often, I know, though

so little apt to show your emotions ; there is a place for you, too, with those of your blood. I know not whether these gentlemen are too proud to pray."

Both the young men knelt with the others, and there was a long pause in which the whole party put up their supplications, each according to his or her habits of thought.

"Father !" resumed Eve, looking up as she till knelt between the knees of Mr. Effingham, and smiling fondly in the face of him she so piously loved ; "there is one precious hope of which even the barbarians cannot rob us : we may be separated here, but our final meeting rests only with God !"

Mademoiselle Viefville passed an arm round the waist of her sweet pupil, and pressed her against her heart.

"There is but one abode for the blessed, my dear mademoiselle, and one expiation for us all." Then rising from her knees, Eve said with the grace and the dignity of a gentlewoman, "Cousin Jack, kiss me ; we know not



when another occasion may offer to manifest to each other our mutual regard. You have been a dear and an indulgent kinsman to me, and should I live these twenty years a slave, I shall not cease to think of you with kindness and regret."

John Effingham folded the beautiful and ardent girl in his arms, with the freedom and fondness of a parent.

"Gentlemen," continued Eve, with a deepening colour, but eyes that were kind and grateful, "I thank you, too, for lending your supplications to ours. I know that young men, in the pride of their security, seldom fancy such a dependence on God necessary; but the strongest are overturned, and pride is a poor substitute for the hope of the meek. I believe you have thought better of me than I merit, and I should never cease to reproach myself with a want of consideration, did I believe that anything more than accident has brought you into this ill-fated vessel. Will you permit me to add one more obligation to the many

I feel to you both?" advancing nearer to them, and speaking lower: "you are young, and likely to endure bodily exposure better than my father,—that we shall be separated. I feel persuaded,—and it might be in your power to solace a heart-broken parent. — I see, I know, I may depend on your good offices."

"Eve—my blessed daughter—my only, my beloved child!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham, who overheard her lowest syllable, so death-like was the stillness of the cabin,—“come to me, dearest; no power on earth shall ever tear us asunder!”

Eve turned quickly, and beheld the arms of her parent extended. She threw herself into them, when the pent and irresistible emotions broke loose in both, for they wept together, as she lay on his bosom, with a violence that, in a man, it was awfully painful to witness.

Mr. Sharp had advanced to take the offered hand of Eve, when she suddenly left him

for the purpose just mentioned, and he now felt the grasp of Paul's fingers on his arm, as if they were about to penetrate the bone. Fearful of betraying the extent of their feelings, the two young men rushed upon deck together, where they paced backward and forward for many minutes, quite unable to exchange a word, or even a look.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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